

THIRTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 14, 1964

THE WARREN COMMISSION
Probing Kennedy's Death

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MARINA OSWALD

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Why fly to South America when the crowd is headed for Europe?

(That's one reason. The Chilean-Argentine Lakes are another.)



Hotel Llao Llao, an Argentine resort in the heart of the lake country.



Osorno volcano rises 8790 feet

This is a South America you never imagined. Here are dozens of lakes, each a different shade of green. One is 40 miles long. Another, Teddy Roosevelt called "the most beautiful lake in the world."

Here are the most massive peaks outside of the Himalayas. Long-quiet volcanoes with eternal snow crowns. Boiling cataracts that shake the earth and thunder in your ears.

Here you can fish the best trout streams in the world, where a man to every five miles of water would make them "crowded."

Here you can settle quietly in cozy Swiss-style chalets. Get up late. Golf. Ride. Boat. Picnic along forest trails. At night, you can dance. Or gamble in a casino. Or simply wonder at the stars in a new sky.

When you're ready to move on, head East across the land of the gauchos to Buenos Aires for the biggest steaks and some of the best bargain-hunting you've ever known.

Or head North across lush vineyards to Santiago, Chile, a vibrant city known for its beautiful weather, beautiful women, and beautiful views of the Andes.

You'll find plenty of other reasons to

fly to South America in Panagra's 130-page illustrated guide. It covers sights,

Trout average
3-4 pounds



hotels, restaurants, shopping in 10 South American countries. To get your copy, along with detailed tour folders, mail 25¢ to Panagra, Dept. T-41, Chrysler Building, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

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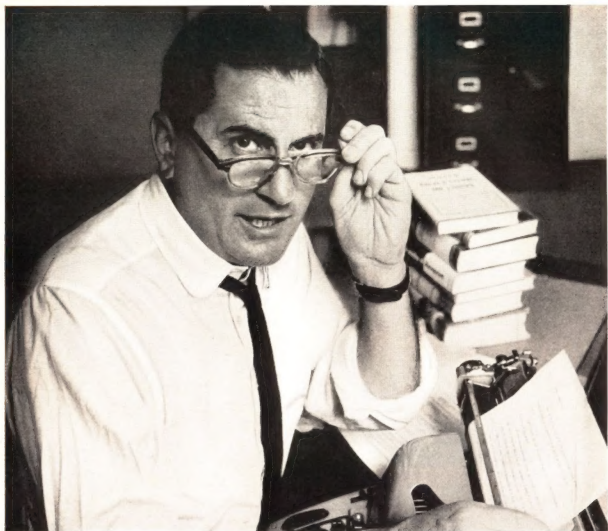


Petrohue Falls—a lake tour sight

travel. Our luxurious El InterAmericano DC-8's are the most frequent jets to Peru, Chile, Argentina. You fly with confidence over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra.

For reservations, see your travel agent. He can help you get the most out of your vacation time and money. Or call Pan Am, sales agent for Panagra.

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Wilbur Cross works on an international humor book in the Manhattan studio where he writes

"Life insurance? That's money out the window!"

"But a MONY man showed me how I could retire on life insurance and write. That's just what I wanted!"



Wilbur Cross talks it over with Stan Diefendorf

"My money is going into the bank so I can retire and write. Why put money in insurance?" I asked MONY's Stan Diefendorf.

"But Stan didn't give me the usual protection story. He showed me I could build up funds for retirement while protecting my family. And use some of those cash values along the way if I wanted. I didn't know life insurance could do that. I bought.

"I've used some of that cash, too. To

help build a den downstairs for my teen-age daughter, for instance.

"With four daughters, retirement seems pretty far off. But, when I do retire, I'll thank Stan Diefendorf and MONY for showing me how."

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- ☐ "How To Figure Your Social Security Benefits." Who's covered, benefits at a glance, how to find out your present totals, etc.
- ☐ "Time ... Too Little, Too Much." How life and health insurance work together to protect you from 3 major hazards of life.

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a talent for value*



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Enjoy the realism of Sylvania TV: Performance-proved...and now a new kind of power tube prolongs set life, dramatically sharpens fringe area reception.

Sylvania TV and Stereo have put value in style. See for yourself at your Sylvania dealer's. Once you have, you'd be a spendthrift to pay more...or settle for less! Shown: Skylark Portable; Dynamic America Console; Bolero Series (SC543) Stereo. Sylvania Home Electronics, Batavia, N. Y.



SYLVANIA
A DIVISION OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



I'LL TAKE YOUR MENTAL LIZARD OUT OF YOU EVENING!

Yes! Here at last is your chance to gain the THINKING-MACHINE MIND you've always dreamed about... so easily and quickly that you'll be astounded... and actually do it without risking a penny!

By **HARRY LORAYNE**

Let me explain! I don't care how poorly organized your mental powers are today — how difficult it is for you to concentrate... how bad your memory may be... how much a prisoner you are of crippling mental habits... how long it takes you each morning to get your mind going with adding-machine speed and certainty! I BELIEVE THAT YOUR MIND IS WORKING TODAY AT ONLY 5% TO 10% OF ITS TRUE POWER — SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT WAY TO FEED IT DIRECTIONS!

Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind problems — so clearly and logically that these problems half-solve themselves before you even touch them!

Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind facts, figures and names and faces — so they burn themselves into that mind in such picture-form that you remember them forever!

Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind a FULL CHARGE OF ENTHUSIASM — so that it revs up instantly every morning... so that it operates at full power, not just for a few brief minutes each day, BUT FOR AS MUCH AS 8 TO 10 FULL HOURS AT A STRETCH!

Mind Power Is A Trick!

I'll Teach It To You In One Weekend!

Yes! Problem-solving is a trick! Concentration is a trick! Memory is a trick! Habit-breaking is a trick! And, above all, generating the will power that means success IS A TRICK! Mind power can be made to order — you don't have to be born with it! The secret of a fast-acting, full-power, THINKING MACHINE MIND is as simple as trying your shoe! And I'm willing to prove it to you without your risking a penny! Here's how!

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you — at my expense — one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside a few moments each day from the following weekend. Glance through one chapter. And get ready for one of the most thrilling weekends of accomplishment in your entire life!

The Very First Hour After You Pick Up This Book, You Will Perform A Feat Of Mind Power That Will Astound Your Friends!

What you are going to do in that very first hour you receive the book, is this. Turn to page 144. Read three short pages — no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you — how to feed facts into your mind so that they stay there — permanently — as long as you wish!

Then put this simple trick to work for you — that very same hour!

Call in your family or friends. Ask them to make a list of any TWELVE facts, names or objects they wish, as fast as they wish. Have them write down the list so they won't forget it! But, as they give you each fact, YOU are going to perform a simple mental trick on that fact, that will burn it into your mind, IN PERFECT ORDER, as long as you wish!

And then — INSTANTLY AND AUTOMATICALLY — you are going to repeat that list, backwards and forwards, in perfect order, exactly as if you were reading that list in your friend's hand! And you are going to have one of the most exciting moments of your life, as you watch the expression on those people's faces as they read off those facts as though they were flashing on a screen on the inside of your memory!

Thrilling? Yes! But also one of the most profitable secrets you will ever learn. For that list of twelve facts can just as easily be an appointment schedule — with each appointment flashed automatically into your mind at just the right time and place that you need it! Or a shopping list — or the outline of a speech — or a sales presentation — or the highlights of an important article — or a list of things that have to be done in perfect order! Any one of them — they flash into your mind automatically, as though you pressed a button! And this astonishing mental gift — which will serve you every day for the rest of your life — is yours from the very first hour that you pick up this book!

And yet it's only the beginning!

Which Areas Of Your Mind Do You Want To Strengthen In A Single Weekend?

Concentration, Will-Power, Self-Confidence, Habit-Breaking!

Yes! From this moment on, in less than one thrilling hour a day, you begin testing the wonder-working techniques of Automatic Organization on every untrained corner of your mind! You begin breaking through mental barriers — mental limitations that have been blocking you for years!

You begin tapping the buried powers of your own mind... powers that have glimpsed before in brief flashes... now brought to the surface — organized with simple formulas to double their potency — and placed forever at your beck and call, ready to go to work for you at the blink of an eyelash!

For example — DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP "STEEL-SHUTTER CONCENTRATION" — OVERNIGHT?

Then turn to page 85... master one simple exercise... call to mind your ability to absorb huge amounts of information — easily and swiftly — even in a room filled with half a dozen howling children!

DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP "X-RAY VISION" — POWERS OF OBSERVATION — THAT AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS?

Then turn to page 136... play three fascinating games... and then startle your friends, time and time again, by your ability to spot revealing details — put together hidden pieces of evidence — that they never even dreamed were there at all!

DO YOU WANT TO SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO REPLACE BAD HABITS WITH HABITS YOU CAN BE PROUD OF?

Then read every word starting on page 103... that replaces angry with fun... that actually lets your bad habits break themselves without your hardly touching your will power.

YES AND DO YOU WANT TO GENERATE ENTHUSIASM... FRIENDLINESS... PERSONALITY AT AN INSTANT COMMAND?

Then read every word starting on page 165! Learn how to overcome shyness and fear, automatically... make anyone like you... dissolve opposition with as little as a single word... earn both trust and respect from everyone you meet — and keep them — for good!

Read It For Ten Days — Entirely At Our Risk!

And this still is just the beginning! What Harry Lorayne has described to you on this page is just a small sampling of the information packed into his amazing new book, SECRETS OF MIND POWER — now available only through this advertisement!

Here at last is a practical, fascinating, easy-to-read book on improving the powers of your mind that really works! Its author, Harry Lorayne, has been called by experts "the man with the most phenomenal memory in the world!" He has already shown over 250,000 men and women, all over America, how they can achieve startling improvements in their memories overnight, with just a few minutes work!

But this fabulous Push-Button Memory Technique is only one small part of Harry's great new book! Here — in addition to Memory — are complete "Push-Button Sections" on Observation, Concentration, Enthusiasm, Will-Power, Idea-Creating, Rapid-Learning, Time-Saving,



Clear-Thinking, Personality, Friend-Making, Public-Speaking, Worry-Control, Conquest of Fear, and many more!

Yes! Here are dozens of simple techniques that enable you to overcome crippling emotions, and keep your thoughts headed straight for each goal! Showing you how to think clearly and effectively in any situation — make decisions without agonizing delays — learn vital facts and figures at a glance — work at full mental power, all day long, for weeks and even months on end!

Here are tested, and proven "Thought-Stimulators," that streamline your mind — develop your creative imagination — increase your daily output — help you make time for everything you have to do!

Here are "Confidence-Generators," that let you laugh off worries and fears — make your own good luck — keep other people from taking advantage of you — turn bad breaks into opportunities — yes, even sharpen your sense of humor and improve your ability to speak well, whether in private conversation or before a crowd of hundreds!

It Must Work For You — Or You Don't Pay A Penny!

The price of this fascinating, one-volume Mind-Power Encyclopedia is \$4.98 — far less than similar books that do not do its job as well!

But even more important is its money-back guarantee! We realize that this book is of no value to you unless it does everything we have promised you! Therefore, we allow you to read it at our risk for ten full days.

If at the end of that time you are not delighted in every way, then simply return the book for every cent of your purchase price back! There are no conditions! You are the only judge! Send in the No-Risk Coupon below — TODAY!

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INSIDE SAGA OF WESTERN MAN

The story behind a new kind of television documentary from ABC News and how the worlds of Christopher Columbus, Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt burst to life on ABC to focus on our own world of today.

NIGHT HAD FALLEN. Round the walls of Granada, siege cannons from the fifteenth century belched orange flame into the blackness.

For forty minutes, the barrage kept up as ABC cameras ground and a local fire department stood by nervously.

The date was July 15, 1963—some 471 years after the actual event. Yet, when the barrage was over, another milestone in the Saga of Western Man had been accurately recorded—on the spot where it happened, using actual firearms of the time.

Saga of Western Man is a four-part series from ABC that focuses on 1964 and the decisions of today by tracing our evolution and development through three key years of decision in the past: 1492, 1776 and 1898.

How do you translate our early history into exciting, living television?

"There are three vital steps," says John Secondari, executive producer for ABC's Special Projects Division. "First, you go where the events actually took place. And use the words of the people who made them happen, as they themselves wrote them down.

"Second, you put the camera in place of the viewer—let the viewer *see* through the camera's eye.

"And third, you try like blazes not to distort anything. You don't use props. You use actual implements of the time, because they're real and exciting.

Some of that excitement just *has* to come over the screen."

It did just that. Here is what some of the critics had to say:

"...the overwhelming ocean and the tiny Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria came vividly to life..."

—*Detroit Free Press*

"It would be hard to imagine a more suspenseful sequence than the program's excellent recreation of Columbus' voyage..."

—*Houston Chronicle*

"...allows us the excitement of experiencing a great event of the past..."


—*Chicago Tribune*

"The years 1775 and 1776 came magically alive through imaginative marriage of camera and narrative."

—*Associated Press*

And from *The New York Times*: "Honor came to the American Broadcasting Company last night... the program elevates ABC News to the forefront in use of the documentary technique that may stand as TV's most lasting contribution—the ability to recreate the past in terms that are at once compelling and informative."

Saga of Western Man, sponsored by The Upjohn Company, is another facet in the wide-ranging, diversified schedule on the new ABC. A schedule designed to give America fresh, imaginative television in news, sports and entertainment.

ABC Television Network 



**You can thank the Dutch
for this 110-year-old
Spanish accident**

Purely by accident, Pedro Domecq, who was famous for sherry, created Fundador Brandy. This is how it happened. In 1853, an order arrived from a Dutch firm for 312 butts—not of sherry, but of brandy. It was to be distilled “just so.” Señor Domecq accepted the order and produced the brandy, but at such a high price the Dutch order was withdrawn. What to do with 312 butts of very expensive brandy in a sherry-drinking land? They found a forgotten corner, and there the butts lay for a long time. When rediscovered, the brandy had become delicately dry with a rare bouquet. “Soft and mellow,” one could say. Why not make more the same way and call it Fundador? The Domecq family did. And today, for \$6.94 a bottle in New York (slightly more or less in other States), you can enjoy the premium brandy with the regal Spanish accent that has earned all the world’s acclaim. Favor yourself with **FUNDADOR**, the classic brandy of Spain.

80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"The Prince chatted easily with San Francisco society."

—from a recent issue of Ladies' Home Journal.

*"We'll work something out,"
she said, kissing him."*

—from a recent issue of McCall's.

'MY LIFE ISN'T EASY. MAKING PICTURES ISN'T A PICNIC.'

—from a recent issue of Good Housekeeping.

"Attach hose to laundry-tub faucet."

—from a recent issue of Family Circle.

Only one woman's service magazine is strictly service, and that's Family Circle. (The homemaker's Wall Street Journal.) Other magazines have something for everybody. Romance, adventure, escape; things like that. But Family Circle only has service for homemakers. The last of the big spenders.

Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love.

The numbers story on circulation guarantees: McCall's, 8,250,000; Family Circle, 7,000,000; Ladies' Home Journal, 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping, 5,000,000.

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but—**



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there
and back
too, for
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You probably already know that what you save depends on when you go and how: meaning whether you travel first class, regular economy, or 21-day excursion.

In any case, we'll persist in surrounding you with the same

opulent Eastern splendour, artful service, and traditional Indian hospitality—and let the rupees fall where they may. Ministered to by our charming sari-clad hostesses... lulled by the serenity of our Boeing 707 Jets... you'll arrive in London feeling as pampered as if you'd spent twice the fare!

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 12

CHRONICLE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* Those zany British "Beyond the Fringers"—Jonathan Miller, Peter Cook, Alan Bennett and Dudley Moore—offer a spoof of Jules Verne's 1864 novel *From the Earth to the Moon*.

Thursday, February 13

PERRY COMO'S KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests are Dean Martin and Lena Horne.

Friday, February 14

THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Guests are Julie London, Anne Bancroft and Janet Leigh.

Saturday, February 15

DO YOU KNOW? (CBS, 12:30-1 p.m.). The study of archaeology, based on two books by Ronald Jessup and Dorothy and Joseph Samachson.

CHALLENGE GOLF (ABC, 2:30-3:30 p.m.). Arnold Palmer and Gary Player challenge Tony Lema and Phil Rogers at the Desert Inn Country Club in Las Vegas. Color.

THE BING CROSBY SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). For his second special this season, Bing has recruited Wife Kathryn, Singers Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Rosemary Clooney, and Comedian Bob Hope.

Sunday, February 16

FRONTIERS OF FAITH (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Dr. Hagen Staack, professor of religion at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., discusses Joshua.

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 2:30-3 p.m.). Guest: Governor Rockefeller.

PARIS: A STORY OF HIGH FASHION (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The secret and hysterical preparations behind a couturier's presentation, filmed at Pierre Cardin's salon as he got ready for his current collection. Color.

Monday, February 17

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The use of film as a propaganda instrument.

THEATER

On Broadway

AFTER THE FALL. Arthur Miller's return to the stage, after more than eight years of silence, is a torrent of self-revelation. The Furies who pursue the playwright are chiefly his mother and Marilyn Monroe, his second wife. Miller's version of the truth of these relationships is morally and artistically questionable but fascinating.

GYLAN chronicles the U.S. reading-tour years of Dylan Thomas' expiring life, when the poet was already posthumous but the hell raiser was very much alive. In a display of his own greatness, Alec Guinness conveys the special hell from which the man found no exit.

HELLO, DOLLY! Clowning Carol Channing promotes a mismatch into an apparently mismatched duo in this handsome, happy musical of yesteryear New York.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. By adding nonstop wit and a lovable cadishness to the standard picture of a TV wheeler-

* All times E.S.T.

TIME, FEBRUARY 14, 1964

Rudy Vallee, "The Vagabond Lover" of the 1920's and 30's, now entertaining with his new L.P., "The Funny Side of Rudy Vallee".



Were you born in 1935?

See how the cash value and benefits of a New England Life policy can build up for you

The Rudy Vallee of 1935 could not foresee that he would be starring on Broadway in 1964. The years before us are always uncertain. Of course we prepare for as much of the uncertainty as possible, and that's what insurance is all about.

You're at a good age right now to take advantage of cash-value life insurance by New England Life. Premium payments will never be lower for you. And with your New England Life policy you can ultimately take out several

thousand dollars more than you put in.

Assume you get a \$15,000 policy now, and then use the dividends to build up additional protection automatically through the years ahead. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at 65 is \$16,320. But premium payments total only \$10,429. So all the dollars you put in and \$5,891 more can be yours to use at retirement. At the same time, the

policy's protection value has risen from \$15,000 to \$25,096!

Here's what to do right now, whatever year you were born. Write for more complete information and tell us your birthday. We'll reply by mail and include our new DIAL-A-YEAR, which gives insurance figures plus events and personalities from 1920 through 1939. Write: Dept. 17, 501 Boylston St., Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.

TIME, FEBRUARY 14, 1964

There are
really
two
kinds of
after-dinner
coffee:



MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK! Coffee sweet and simple is the customary way to end a meal . . . but sometimes a man likes a little added "something." Like Myers, the Jamaica rum that's 97 proof, spirited, golden and robust. Adds great character and flavor—a man's kind of flavor—to cocktails or coffee. Try a wonderful cup of Jamocha: pour a spoonful of Myers Rum over a half lump of sugar in a spoon balanced on coffee cup. Light saturated sugar and, after flame dies out, tip spoon and contents into your coffee. Stir and savor. You'll relish Myers' full-bodied taste. **97 PROOF.**



P. S. FOR THE HOSTESS. Myers adds flavor magic to foods, too. Holidays or any day, try Myers Rich Mince Pie: add 3 or 4 tbsp. of Myers Rum to 3 cups prepared mincemeal. Prepare your customary pastry for 2-crust 9-inch pie. Fill, bake as usual. A traditional treat with an unforgettable taste.

For your own set of 4 Jamocha spoons (like spoon shown in photo) just send \$1.00 to Dept. T2-14, General Wine & Spirits Co., Box 4232, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

MYERS'S RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



dealer. Playwright Ronald Alexander has boosted the industry's ratings—at least on Broadway's laugh meter.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, by Neil Simon, spends most of its time five flights up in the company of a couple of six-day newlyweds who are warming their Manhattan flat with love and tillis, and furnishing it with zany laughter.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE, by Peter Shaffer, listen attentively and watch sympathetically as the young and the not-so-young cope with the pangs, hopes, defeats, comedies, illusions and tenacities of love.

LUTHER, by John Osborne, chronicles the rising indignation, eloquence and rebellion of its hero against the 16th century church. John Hellenman has replaced Albert Finney as God's Angry Young Man.

Off Broadway

THE LOVER, by Harold Pinter and **PLAY**, by Samuel Beckett. Pinter's proper couple feasts on make-believe adultery, wrapped in mystery and mockery. Beckett's bodiless trio discusses the pangs and reveals the banalities of infidelity.

THE TROJAN WOMEN Surrounded by Greeks, the Trojan women circle and chide, protesting their unhappy condition with a moving cry against fate's tyranny—a cry that has echoed and re-echoed since Euripides wrote this classic.

CINEMA

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Director Stanley (Lolita) Kubrick's night-mate comedy about nuclear annihilation is wildly satirical and brilliantly acted by George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden and (in a triple role) the protean Peter Sellers.

THE FIANCÉE Italy's Ermanno Olmi (*The Sound of Trumpets*) brings total mastery of his art to this wistful tale of a long-engaged couple who must lose each other to rediscover their love.

THE GUEST Two oddball brothers play host to a scruffy tramp. And with crackling good dialogue and superb acting, the screen version of Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* remains nearly as fascinating—and just as ambiguous—as it was onstage.

POINT OF ORDER. A superior documentary, extracted from TV coverage of the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings, vividly depicts the fall from power of a political dynamo, U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy.

THE EASY LIFE In this brilliant tragicomedy from Italy, Vittorio Gassman is the hedonistic hell-raiser who rescues a shy young student from his books, squanders his money, and seals his doom.

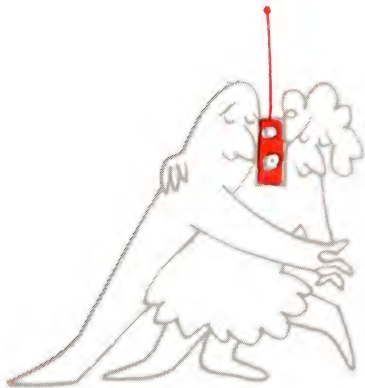
LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER. Despite occasional nonsense in the plot, Natalie Wood and Steve McQueen brighten this comedy about a girl who believes that a mother-to-be has certain responsibilities, such as finding a husband.

HALLELUJAH THE HILLS. Vermont is the setting for a surrealistic camping trip in this hilarious first feature by U.S. Director Adolphus Mekas, a hard-shell cinema nut from the Lower East Side.

BILLY LIAR. The far-out fantasies of a young clerk (Tom Courtenay) delightfully transform one of those bleak English cities into a non-U. Utopia.

KNIFE IN THE WATER. A Polish thriller about three people aboard a Freudian sloop on which there's many a slip.

TO BED OR NOT TO BED. An Italian fur merchant investigating sex in Sweden.



Foreground Radio

WJR radio.

The kind of radio people celebrate over, write fan letters about, take their hats off to.

The kind of radio that helps Ohio farmers know when to sell their hogs; tells Detroit commuters how their stocks are faring; keeps Canadians in touch with U.S. opinion; teaches Indiana-ites how to tell a French horn from a fog horn.

And gently guides all the above into supermarkets, dealer-

ships and department stores throughout America's fifth largest market, 109 surrounding counties and Southern Ontario.

Foreground Radio: created by adults to entertain and inform adults who earn and spend adult salaries.

Foreground Radio: a prerequisite of Foreground Commercials—the kind people really pay attention to.

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Grit is a general-interest weekly with a very special audience. The lion's share of its over 900,000 circulation is consumed in 16,000 true small towns—towns of under 2500 population, towns where mass magazine circulation starts to thin out. No other publication—repeat, no other publication—serves America's great national small-town market so single-mindedly, so satisfyingly. Because it is clear that Grit "belongs" in small-town America, it has become equally clear to many brand leaders that their advertising belongs in Grit.



Grit Publishing Company, Williamsport, Pa.

New offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit;
in Los Angeles and San Francisco—Doyle & Hawley Division, The Katz Agency

Alberto Sordi finds the climate better suited to frostbite.

TOM JONES. From Fielding's bawdy, boisterous 18th century classic, Director Tony Richardson has fashioned one of the best movies in many years.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE AMERICAN IRISH, by William V. Shannon. The author examines the role that the Irish have played in shaping American institutions, their strong if sometimes misapplied political instincts, their cultural contribution.

THE GOLDEN FRUITS, by Nathalie Sarraute. At the publication of an important novel, the literary giants and their followers gather to obscure the book with their own shrill opinions. Novelist Sarraute uses the occasion for a witty dissection of cultural toadies and intellectual conformity.

THE RAGMAN'S DAUGHTER, by Alan Sillito. Spirited short stories, by the author of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, about the lives of Britain's lower-downs.

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheever. The decline of a rich old family is usually messy and public rather than slow and sequestered, and when it is, the process can be funny as well as sad. That is the case in this brilliant, merciless novel.

JAMES FORRESTAL, by Arnold A. Rogow. Except for some weirdly psychoanalytical conclusions, this is a careful biography of the U.S.'s first Secretary of Defense, a brilliant, mercurial man whose drive and ambition were limitless but whose soul floundered in despond.

THE BELLS OF SHOREDITCH, by James Kenway. An acid satire of a weak-kneed young socialist whose wife goads him into trying to copy the big boss, thus extracting a rich, unexplored vein of pure capitalist.

LOOKING FOR THE GENERAL, by Warren Miller. In this wild but trenchant metaphysical farce, a young nuclear physicist decides that men from another planet will redeem the earth. They never materialize, but many far-out earthlings do.

THE PROPHET OUTCAST, by Isaac Deutscher. The final volume of a sympathetic biographical trilogy on Trotsky.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Group, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (2)
3. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (3)
4. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (7)
5. The Hat on the Bed, O'Hara (4)
6. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (8)
7. Caravans, Michener (6)
8. The Living Reed, Buck (5)
9. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (9)
10. The Three Sirens, Wallace

NONFICTION

1. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (1)
2. Mandate for Change, Eisenhower (2)
3. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (3)
4. Confessions of an Advertising Man, Ogilvy (6)
5. Rascal, North (5)
6. The American Way of Death, Milford (4)
7. My Years with General Motors, Sloan
8. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (8)
9. The Quiet Crisis, Udall
10. Dorothy and Red, Stearn (7)



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ART IN NEW YORK

UPTOWN

WILLEM DE KOONING—Stone, 48 East 86th. Manhattan's Dutch-born modern master tries on lines the way poets try out words. Because he begins with plan and ends with chaotic inspiration, De Kooning's first drawing retrospective provides illuminating clues to the natural forms that shape his abstractions, to the explicitness with which he builds ambiguity, to how his art is made. Forty-odd drawings in charcoal, pencil, pastel, sumi-ink and Sapinil include classical studies of the 30s, samplings from the "Boudoir" and "Attic" series, sketches for *Pink Angel* (the painting that reportedly copped \$60,000 last year), and 16 new pencil lyrics on his most recurrent theme, women. Through Feb. 29.

FLEMISH MASTERS—Duveen, 18 East 79th. No Rembrandts, but no letdown either, because in this show Rembrandt's countrymen outdo themselves: *Portrait* by Van Dyck, *Nymph* by Rubens, *The Last Judgment* by Hieronymus Bosch, *The Madonna and Child with Angels* by Hans Memling. Sundry other splendors. Through March 31.

KARL KNATHS—Rosenberg, 20 East 79th. The Cape Cod beachcomber looks for poetry and finds it. Painter Knaths, 72, splits space into cubistic slabs of color, lets the canvas—by exposing it here and there—speak for itself, sending blasts of light through black architectural frames. A mixed bag of 18 recent still lifes, landscapes and wild deer makes an attractive show. Through Feb. 29.

LEONARD BASKIN—Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave. at 78th. Nine new enigmas in bronze and wood from Smith College's bearded sculpture prof. Huge hulking owls, masks of poets and inscrutable hardmen make a cryptic metaphor of death and immortality. Through Feb. 29.

GEORGES ROUAULT—Perls, 1016 Madison Ave. at 78th. The prolific Frenchman painted thousands, burned hundreds; 20 oils, spanning 50 years, give a spare but instructive glimpse of his trademarks. Fauvist paintings of 1906-07 show passion for pure color; later, thick black lines begin to silhouette jeweled blues and claret; the "dawn" paintings of the 1950s burst with chrome yellows and greens. Through March 7.

EDUARDO RAMIREZ and EDGAR NEGRET—Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. at 78th (third floor). Two modern classicists from Colombia. In Ramirez' wood reliefs, white shade echoes white light, in which an occasional note of intense blue or black resounds. Negret makes bright, painted aluminum sculptures. A decorative show. Through Feb. 29.

EARLY AMERICAN PORTRAITS—Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. at 78th (second floor). The masters in oil: Robert Feke, John Wollaston, Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart and Thomas Sully. Keeping them company with drawings: Benjamin West, Thomas Anshutz, others. Until March 21.

CLEVE GRAY—Stumpff, 47 East 77th. A sensitive colorist. Gray smears his canvases with dark primaries and brilliant pastels, composing his abstractions with a sure feel for tonal balance and direction in space. Best: *Vernal*, a large dynamic treatment of vertical blues against white. Through Feb. 22.

RUTH GIKOW—Nordness, 831 Madison Ave. at 69th. Both Artist Gikow and her husband, Jack Levine, are figure painters. Where he sings out loud and clear with satire, she suffocates with silence. The most effective painting here is *Strangement*: a baby in a high chair flanked by two impassive adults is a sober evocation of a new life headed for solitary confinement. Through Feb. 15.

M. F. HUSAIN—New India House, 3 East 64th. India's most popular contemporary painter is a 48-year-old bearded brush master whose expressionistic oils of rajahs, elephants and women recall Rouault; the bright blocks of color and leaded lines give a serenity that approaches reverence. Through Feb. 17.

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—Wildenstein, 19 East 64th. The misshapen mile of Montmartre was born 100 years ago. His work, a remembrance of things past, seems most apt for the present. Lautrec's acid gall ate holes in the passing masquerade big enough to reveal most human deformities. More than 50 paintings on loan include six not seen before in the U.S., one a deliciously busy *Actress with Green Gloves*, plus 100 drawings, lithographs and posters. Through March 14.

JACQUES VILLON—Seiferheld, 158 East 64th. The first retrospective since his death last year shows off 102 of the more than 600 prints that the self-styled "cubist impressionist" made in a 70-year career. There is an 1891 portrait of his father, etched when the artist was 16 and signed G. Duchamp, his name before he took that of the French medieval poet; two of his most famous cubist prints, *Les Haliers* and *La Table Service* (plus an oil to match the latter); a Picasso-style *Nature Morte*, signed by both Villon and the Spanish master. Through March 20.

DORIS CAESAR—Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave. at 61st. Twenty new bronzes, smaller than life, of the female figure. While Sculptress Caesar's sturdy equilibrium and delicate curves clothe her distorted nudes in a sympathetic mood of grace under stress, her commentary on modern woman seems a bit wry: over-endowed elsewhere, they all have long necks and tiny heads. Through March 30.

MIDTOWN

LYMAN KIPP—Parsons, 24 West 57th. Kipp's chiseled black bronzes, their smooth lines heightened by gentle corrugations, are mounted on stilts, whimsically suggesting ancient Egyptian birdhouses. Through Feb. 29.

MILTON RESNICK—Wise, 50 West 57th. Resnick has taken a synagogue for his new studio and performed a happy wedding of mood and materials. These new abstractions make a comely contrast with 24 older offerings, going back to 1939, which are on view at the Feiner Gallery downtown (43 Fifth Ave. at 11th). Both shows through Feb. 29.

THE CLASSIC SPIRIT IN 20TH CENTURY ART—Janis, 15 East 57th. From Arp to Anuszkiewicz, Kandinsky to Ellsworth Kelly, a chasm as wide as the century—or is it? Three generations of purists make the crossing look as easy as a moonlight swim. Through Feb. 29.

JAMES MCGARRELL—Frumkin, 32 East 57th. The *Decameron* retold, without end-

ings, in nine large oils. This young Hoosier's powerful allegories of love and death reek with the refuse of squandered lives. Through Feb. 29.

JACKSON POLLOCK—Marlborough-Gerson, 41 East 57th. The largest retrospective of abstract expressionism's most inventive practitioner traces the phylogeny of a style, but unhappily omits some of its greatest examples. Present: 150 paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 15.

AFRO—Viviano, 42 East 57th. The lusty Italian modern has seldom shown such ease of movement or elegance of color. Under a skein of spidery black lines, his racy brush all but buries yesterday's new-print with a bright, blunt panoply of gouache. Twenty-five new works. Through Feb. 21.

SEONG MOY—Grand Central Moderns, 8 West 56th. Moy's abstract landscapes burst with the sun-bright spectrum of the impressionists, a pleasant diversion from the formalized woodcuts for which he is noted. Effectively bridging the gap between the two are a series of darkly textured oil-on-board paintings. Through Feb. 20.

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—Downtown, 32 East 51st. Whether plastering kitchen utensils in his pictures, as he did in 1936, or hurling black boomerangs through framed space, as he does now, Morris is essentially an architect of the canvas. Ten recent abstractions, plus a backward look at ten older works. Through Feb. 21.

NORIO AZUMA—Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave. at 49th. An exciting development in prints. This Japanese-American painstakingly silk-screens oil on canvas as many as 18 times, achieves stunning compositions that might pass for painting or print. Through Feb. 29.

MUSEUMS

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—Fifth Ave. at 103rd. The museum's annual valentine is a display of old-fashioned deathless devotion. "Rhetoric and Old Lace" catches Cupid on the wing in dainty do-it-yourself, three-dimensional hearts overgrown with flowers, voluptuous satins and laces, all from the 19th century. Through Feb. 16.

GUGGENHEIM—Fifth Ave. at 89th. The museum casts a wide net, pulls in 82 artists from 24 countries for its triennial survey of worldwide contemporary painting. Alberto Giacometti, Wilfredo Lam, Robert Motherwell, Antoni Tàpies and Victor de Vascarely are the prizewinners. Through March 29.


WHITNEY—22 West 54th. "Maine and Its Artists" surveys the state of inspiration from 1710 to 1963—and the role of Maine in American art is not to be underestimated. Witness its native and adopted progeny: George Bellows, Edwin Dickinson, Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, John Marin, Andrew Wyeth, Gaston Lachaise, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and a host of others. Through March 22.

PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY—29 East 36th. Eighteenth century French floor drawings, watercolor on vellum, are on view, along with illuminated manuscripts that illustrate origins and patterns of Christian worship. They go back to an 8th century Psalter, one of the earliest surviving manuscripts of the version carried to England by St. Augustine in the 6th century. Through March 21.

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LETTERS

The Diplomat

Sir: As a student of international relations, I was greatly impressed with your article on French diplomacy [Feb. 7]. There is no doubt in my mind that the brilliance of French diplomats has enabled that country to climb not only to a position of effective opposition to Communism, foreign and domestic, but also to increased independence from American power.

In your "roll call of great French diplomats," two more personalities should be mentioned: Schuman and Plevin, who planned two brilliant strokes of French diplomacy on the question of postwar German rearmament.

MANUELL P. DOVOLOS

San Francisco State College
San Francisco, Calif.



Sir: Congratulations to Boris Chaliapin for a thoroughly delightful cover picture of Foreign Minister Couve de Murville. It was gratifying to note that the Virginia Museum's *Le Lorgneur* by Jean-Antoine Watteau (see cut) was the basis for his background cartoon.

Your readers may be interested to learn that the original model for the General de Gaulle figure was the 17th century actor, and friend of the artist, Philippe Poisson. Also, there was a fourth figure in the original, seated at lower left, but X rays show that Watteau apparently changed his mind and painted it out.

LESLIE CHIEK JR.
Director

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts
Richmond

Sir: You mistakenly said that last year at the U.N. Peking got 57 votes, 17 short of the necessary two-thirds of the General Assembly.

The fact is that the vote in the General Assembly, taken on October 21, 1963, on an Albanian proposal to seat the Peking regime, received only 41 votes. Fifty-seven nations rejected it, while twelve abstained.

I-CHUNG LOH
Director

Chinese News Service
New York City

Sir: Thank you for putting Couve de Murville's picture on the cover of last week's *TIME* Magazine. This will enable thousands of people like me to tear it up, burn it, or even step on it. How dare France call Taipei the government of

Formosa and recognize Mao's Peking as the government of China?

It is true that my country is small and may seem unworthy to President de Gaulle, but it is still a country, a democratic country that is fighting for freedom for every Chinese and being in this world.

PETER HYUJ JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

Bouquets to Rowan

Sir: When Carl T. Rowan enrolled at Tennessee State University in Nashville, he was taught Negro history by my father, Merl R. Eppse, who encouraged Mr. Rowan to join the Navy's recruiting program for capable Negro men [Jan. 31].

The true conviction and deep understanding of this fellow Tennessean are firmly expressed in his book, *Go South to Sorrow*. I am proud of Mr. Rowan as an outstanding Southern American who has simultaneously become an outstanding Southern Negro.

HENRIETTA EPPSE BAYLEY

Los Angeles

Good, But Baffled Neighbors

Sir: As a Brazilian studying Latin American economies, I congratulate you on your fine cover story on Mr. Mann [Jan. 31]. Finally the U.S. State Department has an effective person who realizes the necessity for a diversified policy for Latin America. To quote the Chilean poetess Gabriela Mistral: "The only thing that keeps Latin America united is its unified fear of the U.S."

JOACHIM J. ESTEVE JR.

Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Having observed first hand and worked with Mr. Mann in El Salvador when he served as Ambassador to that Central American country, I can assure you he is widely respected and admired by Latin Americans of all walks of life, as is his lovely wife Nancy.

CHARLES HILLINGER

Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles

Sir: Mr. Mann says that the job of the U.S. "is to convince Latin Americans that their interests lie parallel to ours—not because of sentiment, but in their own self-interest. Democracy is a tie in these cases, economics is a tie, and Christianity is another tie." All those things that have been said are half truths. Economics cannot be a tie if the prices of our raw materials continually decrease while the prices of

your manufactured goods continually increase. Democracy and the idea of constitutional government cannot be a tie when dictatorships, unfortunately, now govern more than six countries in Latin America.

It is necessary for the U.S. State Department to abandon the idea that only those dictatorships that exist beyond the Iron Curtain are bad.

JAIME ASPIAZU

Guayaquil, Ecuador

The New Math

Sir: As an elementary teacher of the modern approach to mathematics, I wish to commend you for your informative, understandable, enthusiastic and basically honest account [Jan. 31] of the much-needed attempts to improve mathematics teaching throughout the child's school years.

The vast majority of parents applaud the school's effort in this respect. Teachers genuinely enjoy teaching mathematics using the modern approach, thereby increasing their own and their pupils' mathematics literacy and making unnecessary the use of "strong-arm" rote methods of teaching and learning.

Many children are now operating mathematically on a much higher plane than their contemporaries of a decade ago. Those of us who see what is happening from the inside believe we will soon reap a considerable harvest from our present efforts.

RICHARD A. ANDERSON

Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir: As a high school student who was caught in the middle when New York City schools switched over to "new" mathematics, I differ strongly with the viewpoint you expressed in Education.

The basic fallacy in new mathematics is that it fails to see why mathematics is taught at all. For the very few who intend to pursue mathematical philosophy as a career, new math is dandy. But for the vast majority, who learn math in order to deal with the arithmetical problems of life, new math is a hodgepodge of abstractions that range from the irrelevant to the absurd and merely interfere with the practical applications of mathematics.

LARRY KAPLAN

Bayside, N.Y.

Sir: You will be interested to know that three to six-year-olds in Montessori schools in America and throughout the world are working with mathematical apparatus such as beads, rods, counters, square and cube formations, etc., taking the common-sense road from the concrete to the abstract.

Maria Montessori stated that there was

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MARIANNE T. MILLER

Washington, D.C.

Muscles, Now & Then

Sir: Wasn't isometric exercise [Jan. 31] the basic principle of Charles ("I was once a 97-pound weakling") Atlas' course of body building called *Dynamic Tension*? According to his reasoning, caged zoo animals pitted one muscle against another to maintain muscle tone. Incidentally, what ever became of Mr. Atlas?

JACK A. TWEDDLE

Bloomfield, N.J.



CHARLES ATLAS IN 1963

► Now 71, Charles Atlas still takes his own body-building course of *Dynamic Tension*, works out daily in a New York gym, actively runs his worldwide body-beautiful empire. Isometric contraction, he says, is only one-half of dynamic tension. It exercises one set of muscles by pushing against an object, but the Atlas method involves pushing and pulling, therefore exercises two sets. Isometric experts, however, claim that the two methods are practically identical.—Ed.

Sir: Your report on isometrics was a little gem. However, as manufacturers of isometric equipment, we wish to clarify just one statement, namely, that "ordinary laymen need no equipment."

Upon reading that, our isometrics director (an extremely ordinary layman) took umbrage and aspirin and looked himself in his office. So to set things straight: It's true that anyone may practice isometrics, with or without equipment. However, in order to make certain that the proper muscles (rather than gross muscle groups) are being strengthened, and progress accurately recorded, certain basic equipment and a reliable method of measurement are essential.

W. D. VOIT

Chairman of the Board

W. J. Voit Rubber Corp.
Santa Ana, Calif.

Cooperative Team

Sir: Time draws an unwarranted conclusion by using the quotation "It's a tragic mistake" as a Cassandra warning against the association of Minoru Yama-

saki and Emery Roth & Son, who are collaborating on the twin-towered World Trade Center in New York [Jan. 24]. Yamasaki's "usual no-detail-is-too-small control over the project's construction" will in all probability be well protected by his association with Roth & Son. During my own collaboration with Richard Roth for the Pan Am Building, he has patiently supported and understandingly taken part in the search for a consistent detailing of the building. I don't see that any good purpose is being served by casting doubts on the Yamasaki-Roth team when its work has hardly even started.

WALTER GROPIUS

Cambridge, Mass.

Sex & Morals

Sir: There are so many times that your magazine is helpful and constructive that I hesitate to condemn. But I found your feature, "Sex in the U.S.: Mores and Morality," together with your cover [Jan. 24], disgusting and demoralizing. There was little revealed that we did not already know, and it is doubtful that anything in the article strengthened either men or nations. It was a story depicting the "Flower of Evil." You have provided a national Cinerama on which to display dirty linen.

After wading through the paragraphs of corrosive and maledorous statistics, the words of historian Will Durant came as a refreshing breeze.

JOHN WESLEY LORD

Bishop, the Washington Area

Methodist Church
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Once again, a TIME cover story has cast a searchlight of brilliant but not garish illumination and in near-perfect focus on probably the most murky and chaotic sector of contemporary life. "Sex in the U.S." is one of your best on morals and religion. From continuous and fairly intimate association with three successive "younger generations," I would not alter or add a syllable to its exposure.

What American morals most need is not rules or a code, old or new, but a norm: the "ideal" (if the word be permitted) development and experience of sex for normal men and women. A norm cannot be legislated or regulated, but only illustrated. The only effective persuasion for Christian, or any other, conviction on sex and marriage is demonstration, in the most literal sense *incarnation*.

For those who have been fortunate enough to bypass the "mores" and escape the miasma of contemporary experiment and its rationalization, this is wholly convincing.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Union Theological Seminary
New York City

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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1) The Administration

3) More Going Than Coming

There were other casinos and saloons on Johnson's White Horse road.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Amer

LIKE a piece of sculpture, a detective story or a cake, a publication is shaped as much by what is left out as by what is put in. Trying to tell a week's history in an average 44 pages, TIME's editors must be, above everything else, selective. Other magazines—even news-magazines—often rigidly cast their mold way ahead of the breaking news. While a great many TIME stories are the result of careful advance planning, all are flexible and subject to the changing pressures of events right down to press time—and occasionally beyond. The result is a form of weekly evolution in which only the fittest stories survive—those held by the editors to be most important, significant, interesting. To choose from a worldful of events, each clamoring for attention and space, is a difficult, exciting and sometimes painful business.

Only a part of any TIME issue is based on suggestions from our correspondents, the rest grows out of ideas developed in the New York office. For this week, we received 168 suggestions from correspondents of which 54 were accepted, with many others requested for a later date. A total of 133 stories were tentatively scheduled at the beginning of the week; new ones were added, and many were deleted when events required. The magazine you hold in your hand contains 72 stories. Some of the ones originally listed were never written, as the news shifted or research proved disappointing or insufficient. Others were written but dropped. These ranged from a survey of unemployment in Poland (didn't prove important enough) to the comings and goings of President Johnson's White House staff (forced out by more urgent happenings), to how celebrities give up cigarettes.

(not enough flavor, but may be re-lit next week).

The ultimate judge of the life and death of a story is the managing editor, who must see the magazine as a whole, orchestrate and conduct it so that all the parts will blend. He usually kills a story by marking it with the ominous letters **NR**, for "not running." This does not necessarily mean that it is bad or that the event covered is unimportant. For example, when the Religion section was reluctantly dropped from this issue, it did not represent a judgment of the importance of the subject against others. It simply meant that the stories that were prepared and possible within the field of religion this week did not seem as compelling or newsworthy as some other stories within their own fields.

Among the things that are left out of TIME are innumerable facts that would complicate or lengthen a story beyond a reasonable point. Also left out on occasion are some of the touches that make cherished literary writers, TIME's these days, snort and smirk from the fact that when, in a recent issue, he tried to describe Margaret Leighton's eyes "as pools of blue starlight," the phrase was changed to "wounds of inner pain" (on reflection, perhaps both were a bit much). One of our movie critic's most painful losses was his description of Tony Curtis as "a sort of Cary Grant." And this week the People writer attempted to summarize a congressional move to lift Richard Burton's U.S. visa on grounds of moral turpitude in a poem that be-

Poor Dickie and Liz: they get no respite
Now an Ohio Congressman's tox-
ing a fit . . .
Cooler heads prevailed. NR.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 14, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 7

THE NATION

THE CONGRESS

The Skipper & the Ship

The legislative ship of state was moving right along last week, and who should be manning the oars but the long-reluctant leaders of the 88th Congress. The craft was, of course, skippered by Lyndon Johnson.

In the House the civil rights bill was sailing through virtually unscathed: in the Senate the \$11.6 billion tax cut was approved, and moved on toward conference committee.

Both actions followed a gale of White House phone calls to Capitol Hill. As Lyndon Johnson's admirers saw it, the President deserved all the credit for breaking up the legislative ice jam. Others, however, insisted that Lyndon's poking and prodding had little to do with it, that President Kennedy had already laid the groundwork for congressional action. The truth lay somewhere in between.

Before Kennedy's death, the two bills were being bottled up by a pair of Virginians: Judge Howard Smith, who had a hammerlock on civil rights in his House Rules Committee, and Harry Byrd, who had the tax cut cooped up in his Senate Finance Committee. Eventually, both bills almost certainly would have been pried loose from their caretakers. But it was Johnson's masterful dealing with Congress that got both bills moving swiftly and both through without casualty.

There was danger in such tactics: the President's aides, in fact, were warning him that he might be dissipating his considerable influence over Congress with too many phone calls and elbow squeezings. "We don't want him to be one of the boys, just another Senator," said one. "We only want to use these calls where they will have maximum impact." But in the case of civil rights and the tax cut, Lyndon Johnson's efforts had impact.

You Can Almost Start Spending It Now

There had long since ceased to be any doubt that the Senate would pass the tax cut. What continued to fret the Johnson Administration was the possibility that the bill would be so amended as to make it ineffectual as a spur to the U.S. economy.

Such is the vast, inequitable, loop-

holed tangle of the U.S. tax structure that almost every Senator (and, for that matter, almost every citizen) has his own ideas about how it should be changed. Thus dozens of Senators were waiting with amendments to the tax bill as already passed by the House and approved, with few major changes, by the Senate Finance Committee. Fearing that Senate adoption of a few amend-

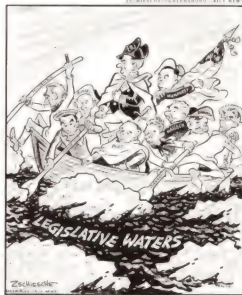
18 months would have their exempted income cut from \$20,000 to \$4,000.

Under pressure to support a Democratic President, Democratic liberals several times found themselves in embarrassing situations. One of the most embarrassing arose from Connecticut Democrat Abe Ribicoff's proposal that parents be permitted tax credits up to \$325 a year for each child's college expenses. Torn between a long-time liberal advocacy of all-out aid to education and his loyalty to the Administration, Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey finally voted against this amendment—even though he had previously been one of its co-sponsors. The college credit lost, 48-45.

Minnesota Democrat Eugene McCarthy tossed in a "working girls" amendment that would have permitted unmarried taxpayers over 35 to automatically qualify as a "head of household," thus putting them in a tax bracket about midway between that of a single person and a married couple filing jointly. Louisiana Democrat Russell Long, floor manager for the tax bill, poked fun at the plan, claimed somewhat irrelevantly that it would help couples who live in sin. "In my state," he drawled, "that kind of relationship is recognized as a situation in which two people have 'took up.' The amendment would give better tax treatment for those who have just 'took up' than married people would receive under the law." An innocuous substitute to the amendment was approved by a voice vote.

Some liberal Democrats even found themselves voting with the majorities against bipartisan moves to decrease the oil-depletion allowance, long a liberal bugaboo, and to eliminate some of the tax benefits that corporation executives now derive from stock options.

Republicans tried to repeal the 10% excise taxes on jewelry, furs, cosmetics and luggage. Rhode Island Democrat John Pastore, who claims to represent "the jewelry capital of the world" (Providence is a leading manufacturer of costume jewelry), came to the G.O.P.'s aid, cried: "Let's make our women beautiful. Let us not tax beau-



CROSSING THE POTOMAC
And look who's manning the oars.

ments would set off a flood tide, the Administration actively opposed all—and President Johnson threw his full weight into the battle. He was eminently successful: at week's end, by a vote of 77 to 21, the Senate passed a virtually unscathed version of the bill.

A Few Embarrassments. During the week-long debate, Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore laid down the only blanket denunciation of the bill, claimed that it was "the embodiment of fiscal folly" and "unconscionable" in its tax reduction "for the already rich." Yet despite his vow to try to scuttle the bill, Gore's only victory was to tax Americans living abroad more heavily. Passed 47-41, his proposal would require U.S. citizens living overseas more than three years to pay full tax on all income over \$6,000; they now enjoy an annual \$35,000 exemption. Those abroad 17 out of each

ty." But enough Democrats did vote against beauty to beat the amendment. 48-45. Iowa Republican Bourke Hickenooper wanted to repeal the tax on ball-point pens, lost decisively.

The Way It Starts. As passed by the Senate, the bill would lower the income tax rates for individuals from the present range of 20%-91% to a new range of 16%-77% this year and 14%-70% in 1965. The lowest income bracket, now up to \$2,000 for single persons, would be broken into four new brackets at 14% for the first \$500, 15% up to \$1,000, 16% up to \$1,500 and 17% up to \$2,000 (the income brackets for married persons are double those for single persons). The payroll withholding rate would

at present, their medicines and drugs can be deducted only to the extent that they exceed 1% of income. The maximum deduction for care of children by taxpayers who must work would be raised from the present \$600, to \$1,000 if they have three or more children. The 4% credit on dividend income would be repealed in two steps by 1965, and the \$50 of such income that can now be excluded would be increased to \$100 for single persons, to \$200 for married couples filing jointly.

There are few major differences between the House and Senate bills. Conferees were scheduled to meet this week to work out those few compromises. The Administration expects the bill to become law by March 1.



U.S. SENATORS AFTER THE TAX-CUT VOTE*
But no breaks for beauty and ball-point pens.

drop from the present 18% to 14% one week after the bill is signed.

For corporations, the present 52% rate would drop to 50%, retroactive to Jan. 1 of this year, and to 48% by Jan. 1, 1965. For firms with incomes under \$25,000 a year, the rate would be cut from the present 30% to 22% this year, remain at that level next year. The timing of corporate tax collections also would be speeded to bring them to a pay-as-you-go basis by 1970.

In other changes from present law, individuals would be able to take either a standard, short-form deduction of \$300 plus \$100 for each \$600 exemption they now claim (excluding their own exemption), or the old 10% deduction. But \$1,000 still would be the maximum short-form deduction under either choice, and itemized, long-form deductions would still be permitted. Such casualty losses as auto damage, now fully deductible, could be deducted only to the extent that each exceeds \$100. Persons over 65 would be able to deduct all of their medical expenses;

Crushed by the Coalition

In the midst of debate on the omnibus civil rights bill, Louisiana's Democratic Representative Edward Hebert gazed forlornly at the empty places about him, got up, and wondered aloud where his Southern colleagues were at such an important time.

That was an interesting point. For years past, the Southern delegations to Congress have been about as cohesive a group as exists on Capitol Hill. In the House, each state has its own whip, charged with seeing to it that members are present to vote on issues of regional interest—like civil rights. Presiding over all these state whips is Southern Whip Tom Abernathy of Mississippi.

Away in Swarms. But last week the Southerners were staying away from the House in swarms. What was wrong?

* New Mexico Democrat Clinton Anderson; Florida Democrat George Smathers; Louisiana Democrat Russell Long, the bill's floor manager; Kentucky Republican Thurston Morton and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield.

"It's not Tom's fault," said one Southern member. "They're all grown men. There's just nothing he can do with them. There's a feeling of apathy."

That apathy grew from the fact that the most sweeping civil rights measure in nearly a century was about to pass the House—and the Southerners were helpless against it.

They were confronted by a coalition of non-Dixie Democrats and Republicans headed by Minority Leader Charles Halleck and Ohio's William McCulloch, ranking G.O.P. member of the Judiciary Committee. Moreover, the Johnson Administration was making an all-out effort on behalf of the bill. President Johnson himself demanded that he be informed, name by name, of the votes on amendments; members who seemed to be straying from the straight Administration line could expect to hear from the White House pronto. Three Justice Department lawyers stood on the sidelines, ready to provide replies to opposition arguments. The liberal Democratic Study Group, an informal organization of like-minded members, had its own 21-man whip system, successfully kept some 130 Northern liberals on tap.

Shot Down. One after another, helpfully crippling amendments were shot down. Not even Virginia's Judge Howard Smith, chairman of the Rules Committee and tactical leader of the Southern group, could make any headway against the coalition. At one point, Smith proposed that the highly controversial public accommodations section of the bill be amended to read that no one could be required to "render labor or service without his consent." This, Smith said, "merely implemented" the 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which prohibits slavery. Smith dared civil rights backers to vote, in effect, for slavery by opposing his amendment. "Go ahead and vote against it," he cried. "I defy you to." They did, 149 to 107.

After that, it was all but over. The bill next faces a last-ditch Democratic filibuster in the Senate. Its major clauses:

- **VOTING RIGHTS.** Registrars are prohibited from applying different standards to Negro and white applicants. Literacy tests must be given in writing, and a sixth-grade education is considered presumptive proof of literacy for registration. The Attorney General is allowed to request three-judge courts to hear voter discrimination suits.
- **PUBLIC ACCOMMODATIONS.** Discrimination is forbidden in nearly every hotel, motel, restaurant and theater. Only boardinghouses with five rooms or less and private clubs are specifically excluded. The Attorney General can initiate court action for enforcement, except in 32 states that have public accommodations statutes, where he must first refer complaints to state officials.
- **CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.** The Attorney General can initiate suits to desegregate schools and publicly owned, operated

or managed facilities such as parks, libraries and swimming pools. He also is empowered to intervene in suits filed by individuals who charge that they have been denied the constitutional right of equal protection of law because of race, color, religion or national origin.

• **FEDERAL ASSISTANCE.** The President is empowered to cut off funds from federally assisted programs where discrimination is practiced. Federal guarantee and insurance programs, however, are not included.

• **FAIR EMPLOYMENT.** A national equal-employment-opportunities commission is set up to outlaw discrimination in establishments employing 25 or more persons and engaged in interstate commerce. The commission can sue for enforcement in federal courts.

THE PRESIDENCY

And Back to Texas

Rush, rush, rush—so, from prayer breakfast to personal politicking to crisis confrontation, went President Johnson's week.

In Washington, the President's penchant for popping into unexpected places left Hal Holbrook, Broadway's veteran and highly skilled impersonator of Mark Twain, sounding more like Chico Marx. Holbrook was performing for Lady Bird and Lynda Bird Johnson and a group of visiting college students in the White House East Room when the President burst in, rushed up to the platform, grasped the actor's hand and said: "I always wanted to meet Mark Twain." Almost speechless, Holbrook forgot several subsequent lines, blew others, and later admitted: "I was really frightened."

Among the Prestigious. Then came the annual presidential prayer breakfast, attended by some 1,000 men at the Mayflower Hotel. Evangelist Billy Graham preached. Revival Singer George Beverly Shea let out resoundingly with *My Saviour God to Thee*, and Johnson called for a privately financed, all-faiths "Center of Prayer" in Washington. He then went across the hall to a separate prayer breakfast for women, assured the ladies that prayer in the Johnson family has always been "aloud and proud."

Flying to New York, Johnson landed at Kennedy Airport, boarded a Marine helicopter, was whisked away to the Wall Street heliport, got into a black limousine and drove to the Carlyle Hotel—thereby getting the East Side's rush-hour traffic into a memorable jam.

That evening he appeared at the second annual awards dinner of the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation for the mentally retarded. Following a droll monologue by Jack Benny and the whispery voice of Nat King Cole, Johnson spoke softly and solemnly about his predecessor. "We shall finish his fight," he said, "and we shall conquer mental retardation and mental illness and poverty and every other foe of the land that he

loved, and every foe of the people he served."

Words About Water. Next day a noisy flap was on about the latest Cuban crisis (see THE HEMISPHERE), but amid countless phone calls to advisers in Washington, Johnson met with top New York Democrats to talk about the coming campaign, lunched with the New York Times editorial board, and when he emerged, gave his Secret Service escort fits by bustling hatless and coatless in the wind and rain across 43rd Street to shake hands with well-wishers behind police barricades. "What are you trying to do," demanded one concerned woman as Johnson approached, "scare everybody?" Johnson responded with a



LADY BIRD & IMPERSONATOR HOLBROOK
Mark Twain was almost speechless.

heartily "Hi, honey," and grasped her arm. Later he met with the New York President's Club—Democrats who have kicked in \$1,000 a year or more to party coffers in a presidential campaign. Seeking support for his war on poverty, Johnson remarked dryly: "A nation that cannot take care of the many who are poor will not have the strength to take care of the few who are rich."

That evening the President appeared at a Waldorf-Astoria dinner of the Weizmann Institute, which has created 46 new fellowships in memory of John Kennedy—one for each year of his age. He told the diners that the U.S. has offered to cooperate with Israel in finding a way to convert salt water to fresh water with atomic energy. But Johnson's mind was more on the water problems of Guantánamo Bay, and Aide Jack Valenti repeatedly rushed to the dais with the latest intelligence reports.

Leaving the Waldorf, the President went straight to Air Force One and headed for Washington.

Next morning the President met for nearly two hours with top security aides, mapped the U.S. response to Castro's peevish move. Then, abruptly, he announced he would leave Washington, fly to Texas for the funeral of Mrs. Jesse C. Kellam, a longtime family friend and wife of the manager of Lady Bird's Austin television station.

OPINION

The Perfect Platform

Amid all the Republican noncandidates, Clare Boothe Luce last week went out of her way to reveal that she too is not a candidate. In a witty, Associated Press interview, the former Connecticut Congresswoman and U.S. Ambassador to Italy quipped: "I'd enter the New Hampshire primary in a minute if I had a campaign manager, an organization and a political base. I've certainly got the program." That program turned out to be, at the very least, that rarity in American politics—crackling satire. Among its planks:

► I am for the 35-hour week without any increase in labor costs. I favor a college education for everyone regardless of race, creed or pre-entrance intelligence quotas. I am for lifting everyone off the social bottom. In fact, I am for doing away with the social bottom altogether.

► I am for victory in Viet Nam without any increase in U.S. casualties or expenditures. I am also for neutralization of Viet Nam as soon as General de Gaulle apologizes for having suggested it. I am for raising living standards of the world by deep and judicious pruning of United States aid. I am for doing away with all military juntas except those we bring into power.

► I am for the sovereignty of Panama in the Canal Zone under the American flag. I am for the stabilizing of all governments of South America while allowing full scope for the natural revolutionary fervor of the people. I am for treating Latin America as a whole, never forgetting for a moment that each of our Latin American neighbors is quite different from the other. In relation to Cuba, I am for the liberation of Cuba without firing a shot. I feel that it is wholly possible we soon will be able to shave Castro's beard by means of laser rays.

► I am for birth control methods acceptable to all nations and religions, this to be reached by international agreement safeguarded by regular inspection of the reproduction mechanism of the population bomb. I am for harmless cigarettes, still using the same old rich, flavorful tobacco. I am for a vigorous two-party system in which my party will control the White House, all the governorships and over 75% of Congress.

► Wherever there is trouble I shall go—and I shall return.

INVESTIGATIONS

Between Two Fires

(See Cover)

Marina Oswald, 22, sat at a table in Parchey's Restaurant in Washington. Ten feet away were two vigilant Secret Service agents. Slight and slim at about 5 ft. 2 in. and 98 lbs., she had had her hair set in a beauty parlor—something her late husband would not have allowed. She wore touches of makeup—something her husband had frowned upon. She lit a cigarette and smoked it—something he had disapproved of.

Lee Harvey Oswald had disapproved of drinking too. Now she asked for a

tried to explain. "It is very difficult question," she said. "He was not too much. Sometimes he was a little bit sick. He was a normal man, but sometimes people don't understand him, and sometimes I didn't know. . . . He wanted to be popular, so everyone know who is Lee Harvey Oswald."

"I am sleepy. I am tired, I want to go to bed, I am going to sleep all day Saturday."

The Witness. There was good cause for her weariness. For the past four days, Marina had testified before the special commission, headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren, that is conducting a long, painstaking investigation into

staged with the connivance of the Dallas police.

The Commission. So wild had the speculation about Kennedy's assassination become that a Black Muslim newspaper even reported that the President, dying of cancer and desiring martyrdom, had ordered his own slaying. And it was to set such nonsense to rest that President Johnson, on Nov. 29, established the Warren Commission.

Earl Warren, 72, undertook the assignment with great reluctance. In the past, Supreme Court Justices occasionally have accepted extrajudicial chores: Justice Robert Jackson was chief U.S. prosecutor at the Nürnberg trials; Owen Roberts was head of the Pearl Harbor investigating commission. But Warren held the traditional view that the federal judiciary—especially the Supreme Court—ought not to move out of its well-defined limits. In 1958 Warren had turned down a suggestion that he, or any member of the Court, join a committee to study the question of presidential disability. Moreover, he knew that litigation arising from the November events in Dallas—the Jack Ruby case, for one—might some day come before the Supreme Court. If that happened, he would almost certainly have to disqualify himself.

Nevertheless, in a White House meeting, President Johnson insisted that the national interest required a man in Warren's position and with his reputation to head the investigation. Warren finally agreed, but when he left Johnson's office there were tears in his eyes.

Other members of the commission are Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard B. Russell, 66, who chaired the 1951 congressional investigation into President Truman's dismissal of General Douglas MacArthur; Kentucky's Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper, 62, a former state judge and Ambassador to India; Louisiana's Democratic Congressman Hale Boggs, 50, a lawyer and the House Democratic whip; Michigan's Republican Congressman Gerald Ford, 50, Yale Law School graduate and one of the G.O.P.'s most respected House members; Allen W. Dulles, 70, former head of the Central Intelligence Agency; and John J. McCloy, 68, retired chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, onetime U.S. High Commissioner in West Germany and John Kennedy's disarmament adviser.

Named chief counsel to the commission was James Lee Rankin, 56, a Manhattan attorney who was Eisenhower's Solicitor General. Rankin ranks high in Supreme Court circles, argued for the Government in the 1953 school desegregation cases, in the Little Rock high school litigation, defended Ike's right to invoke the Taft-Hartley law in the 1959 steel strike.

Month's Rent. Using a rented suite of offices in Washington's Veterans of Foreign Wars Building, the commission last week led Marina Oswald through the story of her life—and her days with



LEE & MARINA'S WEDDING DAY IN MINSK (1961)
Even then, something mysterious and unstable.

vodka gimlet but did not like it. She took a sip from the old-fashioned of a newsmen at the table with her, made a face and handed it back, finally settling for a cherry cordial. She was not very hungry, and ate little of her fillet mignon with mushroom sauce.

At her side in a high chair was the older of her two daughters, June Lee, called Junie and three years old this week. The child chattered in Russian, banged the silverware on the table, sampled the vodka, played with the butter. The restaurant was out of spaghetti and meatballs, Junie's favorite dish, so she was served hamburger, which she crumbled and carefully dropped on the floor, piece by piece. Junie looks like her father.

Marina Oswald calmed the child, returned to the conversation. She was convinced that her husband had killed President John Kennedy. But why?

In her halting English, she painfully

the Kennedy assassination. For the most part, she merely substantiated the mass of evidence already compiled by the FBI in five volumes of reports, the Secret Service, and a dozen investigative lawyers hired by the commission itself. That evidence—ranging from fingerprints to ballistics tests—is as conclusive as any confession, and there is no lingering doubt about what the commission's main findings will be:

► Lee Harvey Oswald killed Kennedy and wounded Texas' Governor John Connally, and he carried out the assassination without an accomplice.

► There was no dark conspiracy. Oswald was neither a Soviet nor a Cuban agent. There was no plot instigated by right-wingers (as the radical left has claimed) or by left-wingers (as the radical right insists). Similarly, Oswald's own assassination was the work of just one man—Jack Ruby—and it was not (as Moscow intimated at the time)

Lee Oswald. During her appearances, Marina became especially fond of gracious Earl Warren and pipe-pulling Allen Dulles. Warren, she later confided, reminded her of her grandfather; Dulles was "sympathique."

Yet for all the commission's kindness towards Marina, her testimony, totalling 20 nerve-rasping hours, was an ordeal, made more grueling by the necessity to translate questions into Russian and replies into English. She refused to speculate on Lee Oswald's motives, gave only those answers of which she was certain. Counsel Rankin was interested in a rumor that Oswald had returned from a quick trip to Mexico City with \$5,000. Was that so?

A. No.

Q. How much did he have when he returned?

A. \$50 or \$70.

Q. That's all? Only \$50 or \$70?

A. That may not seem much to you, but to us that was a month's rent.

During one exchange, Rankin asked Marina if she had known at one time that Lee had "gone to live" with a certain woman. Marina frowned. "How do you mean, live with this woman?" she asked coldly. Rankin put in quickly: "As a tenant." That was different. "No," said Marina.

The last day was the most difficult. The commission asked Marina to identify some 145 exhibits, most of them Oswald's personal possessions. There were his letters and notebooks, the mail-order rifle he had bought. She identified them all, including the bloodstained clothes he was wearing when he was shot. From time to time Marina wept, but she quickly regained her composure. And at last it was over.

The Mother. Marina Oswald was the first witness to appear before the Warren Commission. But as the commission continues to delve deeply into the secret life of Lee Harvey Oswald, she may not necessarily be the most important. For

there is evidence that the dominating figure in that life was his mother. This week, at her own request, Marguerite Claverie Pic Oswald Ekdahl, 56, a practical nurse, is scheduled to appear before the commission along with her lawyer, Mark Lane, a New Yorker with an unquenchable passion for the defense of underdogs and liberal causes.

There is not much doubt about the mother's purpose: to defend her son's name. She has been doing that ever since the assassination.

A short, stout woman with grey hair drawn back in a bun, Marguerite has hardly been hostile to the publicity that has come her way since Nov. 22. "I am an important person," she says with obvious relish. "I understand that I will go down in history too." She rents one side of a small duplex house in Fort Worth. It is a clean place, with blistering wallpaper, an ancient TV set, a picture of the Christ Child that stands in one of the bookshelves, a hissing gas heater in one corner. She was at home last week when a reporter went by. "Here," said Mrs. Oswald genially, "have a press release."

The handout related how Mrs. Oswald had sent a wire to President Johnson asking for legal representation for her son at the investigation proceedings. "You know what I got back?" she asked the reporter. "You know? I got back a note from the White House saying that in the future I ought to direct such messages to the Warren Commission and not the White House at all. Can you imagine? Why, I've got as much right as any citizen to write the President of the United States, to petition him, and let me tell you this, Mr. Johnson should also remember that I am not just anyone, and that he is only President of the United States by the grace of my son's action."

Whisked Away. "My son was a human being," she continued, "and like any human being, he could shoot somebody. Maybe he was involved. Maybe there were others involved too. But I heard my son say on television that he did not do it, and I want to see the evidence first before I will accept the final fact that he shot the President. My heart goes out to Marina. She is a nice girl, but they are keeping her from me. They whisked her away the other day at the cemetery. They saw me, and they just shoved her in that car and took her away. I was so humiliated. There were a lot of people standing there, and I cried, and got in my car and cried all the way home."

Looking back, Marguerite Oswald says, "Everybody has sympathy for Mrs. Kennedy. Doesn't anybody feel sorry for me? I've had enough misery. I've been married three times and altogether had husbands for a total of eight years. I did my best for my boys."

The Boy. Marguerite Claverie was born in New Orleans in 1907. Her miseries began in 1931, about two years after she married New Orleans Steve-



OSWALD'S MOTHER

"I will go down in history too."

dore Edward John Pic. She became pregnant, she says, and Pic left her because he did not want any children. She and Pic were divorced, but Pic sent support money for their son John Edward, now an Air Force staff sergeant, for some years after that. In 1933 Marguerite married Robert Edward Lee Oswald, an insurance agent. Their first child, Robert, born in 1934, works for a brick company in Denton, Texas. In August 1939, Mrs. Oswald's husband died of a coronary thrombosis; two months later, on Oct. 18, she gave birth to her third child, Lee Harvey Oswald. Mrs. Oswald recalls that "other kids teased Lee because he was so bright. He learned to read by himself before he went to school. He was always wanting to know about important things."

In 1945 she married an industrial engineer from Boston, Edwin A. Ekdahl, and moved to Fort Worth. They kept Lee with them, sent the two older boys to a Mississippi military academy. That marriage also was brief. In 1948 Ekdahl filed for divorce, charged that his wife nagged him constantly about money, hit and scratched him, threw a bottle and a cookie jar at him, once nearly crowned him with a vase.

The Truant. Marguerite and Lee moved in 1952 to New York City, where they took an apartment in The Bronx. At 13, Lee Oswald was a chronic truant, and The Bronx children's court referred him for psychiatric examination to the Youth House for Boys. Psychiatrist Renatus Hartogs concluded that Lee had a schizoid personality and was potentially a "dangerous person who needed treatment." Says Probation Officer John Carro: "His environment was poor because his mother was in need of help herself." At one point during an examination, young Lee was



MARINA & HER CHILDREN

"This is too much bad for me."

asked what he would feel if he plunged a knife into a person. His reply: "Nothing." But all efforts to get treatment for Lee failed—because Marguerite Oswald was convinced that there was nothing wrong with her son.

She told Carro: "Please keep out of family affairs."

Marguerite took Lee out of New York, moved to New Orleans. Not long after that, he began bringing home library copies of *Das Kapital* and other

tory job for 80 rubles (\$88.00) a month—but no citizenship.

Boy Meets Girl. Oswald was working in a Minsk factory in the spring of 1961 when he met pretty Marina Nikolaevna Pruskova at a dance. Marina was born in Archangel, raised in Leningrad. Her father died when she was two, her mother when she was 15. Marina studied Latin and French, had gone on to become a pharmacist. She sensed that there was something mysterious and unstable about Lee—but she was convinced that he loved her, and they were married six weeks after they met, in a double-ring civil ceremony.

Soviet life was totally frustrating for Oswald: the living accommodations were inadequate, the job paid poorly. Moreover, he was enraged to learn that the Marine Corps had changed his discharge to "undesirable." In January 1962 he wrote an angry letter to John Connally, who had just resigned as Secretary of the Navy to run for Governor of Texas, demanding that Connally "take the necessary steps to repair the harm done to me and my family." Six months later, thanks to a loan of \$435.71 from the U.S. embassy in Moscow, Lee, Marina, and Junie, then four months old, arrived in Fort Worth, where they lived for several weeks with Oswald's mother. Says Marguerite: "Every day, of course, Lee would go out and look for work. They were very nice at the employment commission office, but he couldn't get a job. You see, he had no background, no experience or training. And I think people remembered his defection, because it was all blown up out of proportion in Fort Worth when it happened. Then Lee got a job with a welding company. Marina was so happy. She said to me, 'Thank your God, Lee work.'"

A Friend in Need. Oswald took his wife and his baby to a \$59-a-month apartment ten blocks away. Later on, he moved his family to Dallas, where he got another job, this time in a photo-engraving plant. Last February he and Marina met Ruth Paine, 31, mother of two children and an energetic Quaker with a deep interest in furthering U.S.-Soviet relations. Ruth wanted to learn Russian, and Marina helped her. The two women became close friends.

Ruth and her husband, Michael, 35, were separated, though Michael visited the house frequently. A research engineer with the Bell Helicopter Co., Michael was active in liberal causes, recalls that he and Lee Oswald disagreed on a variety of subjects. Says Paine: "His view of the world seemed to be that the world should fit his view rather than the other way around. He had a certain picture of the world, which he insisted on defending irrespective of evidence. He had little tolerance. He had no respect for religion or the values taught by religion. He wouldn't let his wife talk about actual life in Russia. He was nice to Marina so long as she didn't think counter to him. One time I took

him to a meeting of the American Civil Liberties Union. It took him by surprise that people could be concerned about the concepts of freedom of speech. He said, 'I couldn't join such an organization. It isn't political.' It struck me that he hadn't really met people who stuck by the values stated in the Bill of Rights. He didn't treasure values and concepts except as they were convenient to him."

During this period, Marina recalls, Oswald's personality changed for the worse. He beat Marina at least once, criticized her, ordered her about, even demanded that she run his bath. She told Ruth, after one quarrel: "I often feel as if I am caught between two fires—*mezh dvukh ognem*. This is not the first time." Says Ruth: "She meant these fires to be her sense of loyalty and her sense of what was right to do." Oswald also became increasingly secretive. He rented a post office box under the name of "A. Hidell," wrote to U.S. Communist headquarters in New York to request information, subscribed to the



books dealing with Communism and socialism. "I didn't worry," says his mother. "You can't protect children from everything—just try to help them see things in the right way. Besides, if those books are so bad, why are they where any child can get hold of them?"

In the fall of 1956 the Oswalds returned to Texas, and Lee, just 17, quit school to join the Marines. All told, he spent about three years in the service, was trained in aviation electronics. His mother still insists that his service record was exemplary; in fact, Oswald was twice court-martialed, once for unlawful possession of a pistol, once for swearing at a noncommissioned officer. He is remembered mostly as a rather dislikable loner who spent his off-duty hours studying the Russian language.

Renunciation. In September 1959, Oswald received a hardship discharge from the Marines; his mother had been hurt when a box of glass jars fell on her in a Fort Worth department store, and she needed him at home. But Oswald stayed with Marguerite only three days. Instead of helping her, he shipped out on a freighter to the Soviet Union. In Moscow he appeared at the U.S. embassy and announced: "I'm through. Capitalism has passed its peak. I've seen poor niggers, and that was a lesson. People hate because they've been told to hate. It's the fashion to hate people in the United States." He then signed an affidavit: "I affirm that my allegiance is to the Soviet Socialist Republics."

Renouncing his American citizenship was one thing, but gaining Soviet citizenship was another. Russian officials did not view Oswald as America's greatest gift to Communism. They let him stay as an alien resident, got him a fac-



Daily Worker and the Militant, a Trotskyite paper. In March, "A. Hidell" bought a 6.5-mm. Mannlicher-Carcano rifle and telescopic sight from a Chicago mail-order house for \$19.95.

Dogged Loyalty. On the night of April 10, Lee Oswald rushed home, exultantly told Marina that he had just killed ex-Army Major General Edwin A. Walker, the right-wing extremist who lives in Dallas. Sure enough, Walker was shot at that night. He had been working on his income tax return. Just as the shot was fired, Walker bent over—and the bullet narrowly missed killing him. Marina now knew that her husband was terribly sick. But she never told, until much later, that Oswald had fired the shot. Hers was a dogged loyalty. "I am wife," she said simply.

At Marina's suggestion, Oswald took a bus for New Orleans that month to look for a job. Marina and her baby went to live with Ruth Paine. Marina was two months pregnant. "She stayed then about two weeks," says Ruth. "During the day, we would do the normal things, washing diapers, folding clothes, talking. She was interested in how Americans cook. She was particularly interested in all the spices and condiments. I taught her how to use seasoning, salt and soy sauce and so forth. She taught me to use dill weed in making a good creamed chicken dish." On Thursday, May 9, Oswald called from New Orleans and said he had found a job. Mrs. Paine piled Marina and Junie and her own two children into her Chevrolet station wagon and drove to New Orleans. In September, Ruth drove again to New Orleans, took Marina and Junie home with her.

It was just as well, for Oswald was in more trouble. He had lost his job, had tried unsuccessfully to infiltrate a Cuban anti-Castro group, then started handing out pro-Castro propaganda, and was arrested for disturbing the peace. He had also decided to go to Cuba, and then perhaps again to Russia.

Last Job. With Marina on her way to Dallas, Oswald left New Orleans without paying his apartment rent. A few days later he turned up at the Cuban consulate in Mexico City. He demanded a visa, was told that it would take time, stormed out in anger. Next he went to the Soviet consulate and asked for a Russian visa. Again he was told that there would be a delay, and again he stomped out. On Oct. 4 he called Marina at the Paine house. He was in Dallas and hoped to find a job, and he asked if he could visit the Paine suburban home on weekends.

"Usually," recalls Ruth Paine, "he would hitchhike out. He would watch television. He liked the World War II movies, and he simply loved football. He'd watch the college football games on Saturday and the pro games on Sunday, lying there on the floor, usually dressed in a white T shirt and slacks. He went looking for a job, and I gave him a city map of the Dallas-Fort Worth area



OSWALD BEING ARRESTED
A bystander saw the rifle poke out.

—that infamous map—so he could find the places." After Kennedy's death that map was found in Oswald's room.

Ruth Paine landed Oswald's last job. From a neighbor she heard of an opening at the Texas Book Depository on Elm Street in Dallas. She called the warehouse and recommended Lee. That day, Oct. 14, Lee took an \$8-a-week room in a boardinghouse on North Beckley Avenue. He gave his name as O. H. Lee. Next day he was hired at the warehouse. On Oct. 20 his second daughter, Rachel, was born.

Curtain Rods. Lee continued to visit Marina only on weekends, but mostly to sleep and to watch television; she once confided to a friend that he had intercourse with her only about once every two months. Also during this time he hid his rifle, wrapped in a blanket, in the Paine garage. Marina knew it was there. But realizing that Ruth, a strong pacifist, would object, she said nothing about it.

On Thursday, Nov. 21, Oswald turned up at the house unexpectedly. He went to bed at 9 p.m., while Ruth and Marina stayed up and talked. Next morning Lee was up and gone before anyone else in the household was awake. He caught a ride to Dallas with a co-worker, Wesley Frazier. He carried a long object wrapped in brown paper. "Curtain rods," he explained.

But the rifle was gone from the Paine garage.

All Over. At 12:30 that afternoon, just as President Kennedy's car passed by the Texas Book Depository, that same rifle was poked out of a sixth-floor window. A bystander spotted it. "Boy," he said, "you sure can't say the Secret Service isn't on the ball. Look at that guy up there in the window with a rifle."

Seconds later, three shots were fired—and President Kennedy was dead or dying. Lee Oswald slipped out a rear

entrance of the building, walked six blocks, returned to Elm and boarded a bus. The bus bogged down in traffic. Oswald got off, walked a few blocks, got into a cab, ordered the driver to drop him on the 500 block of North Beckley—five blocks beyond his room. He paid the 95¢ fare, gave the driver a nickel tip, hurried to his room, ran out again with a windbreaker.

"Those Poor Kids." By this time, the warehouse employees had been assembled and Oswald's absence noted. A police call was already on the air. As Oswald walked along East Tenth, Patrolman J. D. Tippit pulled up, got out of his car and started toward him. Oswald whipped out a .38-cal. revolver, pumped three bullets into Tippit and killed him. Minutes later, he was cornered in a movie house.

At the Paine home, even before she knew that her husband was implicated, Marina Oswald watched the TV newscasts in horror. "What a terrible thing this is to Mrs. Kennedy," she said. "Now the children will have to grow up without a father!" That, of course, was the reaction of millions of people—notably including a balding saloonkeeper, Jack Ruby. "Those poor kids," he moaned when he heard the news.

The Busybody. Ruby was another unlovable character. He had knocked around with some tough boys in his home town, Chicago, now prided himself on running one of the most popular striptease joints in Dallas. He carried a gun, was a cop buff, and loved to visit police headquarters. Medical reports later noted that Bachelor Ruby contracted gonorrhea no fewer than four times; he checked negative for syphilis. "He denies homosexuality, but is extremely sensitive should anybody accuse him of that and is very defensive," said a psychiatrist at Ruby's bond



JACK RUBY

"I am above everybody."

hearing. "He admits that he must adopt at times the feminine position during intercourse. His handling of sexuality is flippant, more the nature of a bragging youth." The psychiatrist described Ruby, 52, as a "hyperactive busybody," sexually and socially.

Whether or not Ruby, as his lawyer claims, went temporarily insane at news of Kennedy's assassination, there seems little doubt that he suffered a severe emotional trauma. On Sunday morning, as police prepared to transfer Lee Oswald from headquarters to the county jail, Ruby eased himself into a crowd of newsmen, waited till Oswald was brought down from his fourth-floor cell. Then he stepped up, stuck out his revolver and, as millions of televisioners watched, killed Oswald with one shot. That act, he said later, made him think he was "looking on history." He told his examiners that he thought: "I am above everybody. They cannot move me." He had, for the first time in his long and scruffy life, become "a big guy."

Next morning at Fort Worth's Rose Hill Cemetery, Marina and her two babies, her mother-in-law and her brother-in-law Robert buried Lee Oswald in a plain pine box. Save for a group of newsmen, Secret Service agents and police officers, the rite was unattended.

The burial symbolically sealed off for all time the best witness in the extraordinary case. The President has instructed the Warren Commission to "satisfy itself that the truth is known as far as it can be discovered, and to report its findings and conclusions to him, to the American people and to the world." The commission has managed to avoid the natural impulse to weave a webwork of sinister motivations and complex conspiracies to satisfy a puzzled nation. Instead, it has found so far that the act was committed by a rootless, aimless, driven young man. It was a bizarre coming together of circumstances that gave Lee Oswald the time, the place and the opportunity to placate the demons that consumed him.

Like the act of violence itself, Oswald was a phenomenon of his time.

The Gifts. There was, as well, a happier phenomenon. From all parts of the U.S., money and bundles of clothing began pouring in for Marina. Virtually penniless all her life, she has received about \$36,000 in gifts from sympathetic Americans. At the advice of James Martin, who quit his job as a Dallas motel manager to become her business agent, Marina has set up a \$25,000 trust fund for the children. It took some doing, Dallas' big First National Bank ("Give Us the Opportunity to Say Yes") said no. The fund was finally lodged with a small bank in nearby Grand Prairie.

For the time being, Marina and her children are living with Business Agent Martin's family. Outside is a parked car with two Secret Servicemen, who, with two other pairs, stand guard 24 hours a day. But the worst seems to be over. "I think," Marina says, "I am more happy now." She helps with the cooking and cleaning, plays with her children, takes long evening walks. She likes Dallas, wants to stay on there, become an American citizen and resume her work in pharmacy. Remarriage? "No! Please!" she cries. "I have crazy letters from men who want to marry. I think these silly men." She does not hide the fact that she dislikes her mother-in-law. "I don't want to talk with her. This is too much bad for me."

Marina and Marguerite Oswald are likely to meet hereafter only by chance along the black-topped road that winds far to the back of Rose Hill Cemetery. Both women visit Lee Oswald's grave once or twice a week. It is marked with a small cross cut into a simple granite plaque, which carries the man's name and the dates of his first and last days on earth. The bare cedars quake on wintry, windy Texas days, and the grass is brown and forlorn. Here and there a leaf flutters and a sudden swarm of starlings lights in a tree for a moment, only to take off like a cloud in the bleak sky. And on the grave are a pot of withered chrysanthemums, some carnations and nine sprays of pretty pink roses. The roses are plastic.

a while. Beckwith quit hamming around, sat in tense silence until—22 hours after they had been handed the case for a verdict—the jurors returned to say that they could not agree. Circuit Judge Leon Hendrick declared a mistrial, and Beckwith, with nary a smirk nor a smile, got up and went back to his cell.

No sooner had this celebrated civil rights murder trial ended in a hung jury, split seven to five for acquittal, than there were murmurs of surprise. Many had expected "Mississippi justice." But that was not the case. Judge Hendrick had presided wisely and fairly. Prosecutor Waller, 37, had won the admiration of Northern newsmen for his aggressive presentation. And Defendant Beckwith had been tried before a jury of his peers—even if it was all male, all white, and all Mississippian.

To No One Else. The case against Beckwith, a Greenwood fertilizer salesman, hinged on a .30/06 Enfield rifle, found near a clump of sweet-gum trees across the street from Evers' home in Jackson on the morning after the murder. A fingerprint of Beckwith's was found on the weapon's telescopic sight.

Prosecution witnesses identified the rifle as Beckwith's. One told of trading Beckwith a Japanese-made sight—identical to the one on the Enfield—in return for a revolver. An FBI expert swore the fingerprint belonged to Beckwith and to "no one else in the world."

Two Jackson cab drivers told how, four days before Evers was ambushed on June 12, Beckwith had asked directions to Evers' home, saying, "I've got to find where he lives in a couple of days." A young woman said that she had seen a car similar to Beckwith's parked near Evers' house 50 minutes before the shooting. But because the bullet that killed Medgar Evers was too badly shattered to produce positive results in ballistics tests, the state never did prove that it had been fired by the rifle in the sweet-gum grove.

TRIALS

Hung Jury

For the eleven days of his trial, Byron De La Beckwith, 43, accused killer of Mississippi N.A.A.C.P. leader Medgar Evers, performed more like a circus clown than a defendant in a first-degree murder case. Constantly shooting his French cuffs, he propped his feet up on a nearby chair, swigged soda pop, glowered at Negro newsmen, hallowed to white spectators, was once restrained by a bailiff from sauntering over to the jury box to chat with his peers, and with the exaggerated Southern courtliness upon which he so much prides himself, even offered cigars to Prosecutor William L. Waller.

But after the jury had been out for



BYRON DE LA BECKWITH
"I want you to laugh."

"No, Suh." When the defense's turn came, Chief Counsel Hardy Lott, a former president of Greenwood's white Citizens Council, which had solicited funds for Beckwith's defense, called 20 witnesses, compared with the prosecution's 36. Two were Greenwood cops who claimed they had seen Beckwith in Greenwood, a fast 90-minute drive from Jackson, shortly before and after the killing.

The star witness for the defense was "Delay" Beckwith himself, who punctuated his testimony with soft "suh's." "Did you kill Medgar Evers?" asked Lott. "No, suh." Was Beckwith in Jackson the night of the murder? "No, suh." At one point, Lott handed Beckwith the Enfield to examine. Beckwith leaned forward in the witness chair, aimed the gun over the jury's heads and pulled the trigger. Said he: "I couldn't say this is my scope or my gun." Anyway, Beckwith added pleasantly, his Enfield with a telescopic sight had been stolen from his car two days before Evers was murdered.

A Word of Caution. On cross-examination, Waller brought out Beckwith's militant segregationist sentiments. Beckwith admitted writing a letter to a Jackson newspaper in which he said: "I shall bend every effort to rid the U.S. of integrationists, whoever and wherever they may be." As Waller read the excerpt, Beckwith leaned forward to caution him solicitously: "I want you to understand; and where there is humor intended, I want you to laugh and smile; and where it is serious, I want you to be serious."

After the jury went out, Beckwith's wait was relieved by visits from former Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett and onetime Army Major General Edwin A. Walker. Beckwith seemed deeply moved by their presence. At week's end, Beckwith's lawyers prepared to file a motion to get him out of jail on bond while he awaits a new trial, which will probably come in the late spring.

REPUBLICANS

Lameness & A Dry River

Republican hopefuls were doing and saying the same things that they had been doing and saying for weeks. But there was still news in their activities—and the biggest of all was that Arizona's Barry Goldwater was running like the lower Gila River during a drought.

A drum and bugle corps turned out to greet Goldwater in Littleton, N.H. (pop. 3,355). And in Lancaster, N.H. (pop. 2,392), they put together a parade too—a squad of high school boys carrying red railroad flares, followed by a shaggy pony pulling a cart containing Barry, who waved from beneath a buffalo robe. But crowds were not overwhelming, applause was skimpy, and after two days in New Hampshire it was becoming clear that Goldwater's campaign was not producing the whizbang reaction he had hoped for.

Most recent polls in New Hampshire showed Goldwater still leading but steadily losing ground to other Republicans for the March 10 presidential primary. Well aware of this, Barry last week jauntily told reporters that a victory in New Hampshire was not really crucial to his getting the G.O.P. nomination next summer because "the person who wins in California will win the nomination."

Nevertheless, he continued to talk a lot in New Hampshire. When he learned that Cuban Dictator Fidel Castro had ordered the water supply cut off from the U.S.'s Navy base at Guantánamo Bay, Goldwater flailed out at the Johnson Administration: "This is another result of an indecisive foreign policy. Whenever a weaker country thinks it can thumb its nose at a stronger country

murings among some Chamber men who had been for him.

By surprising contrast, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller got heavy and spontaneous applause from the same Chamber the next day. He said that Government, like business, must face realities, struck out obliquely at Goldwater: "There isn't much of a business market today for buggy whips and high-button shoes." In fact, Rocky had one of his brightest weeks in quite a while. He began his Oregon primary campaign with a two-day trip, was cheered by consistently enthusiastic crowds. He accused President Johnson of speaking in "glittering generalities," and said: "You and I are living in a 'promised land'—the most promised land ever. We've had more promises out of Washington for the past three



NIXON AND THE CRACKERJACKS
Home, home on the range.

and get away with it, it is going to do this," Barry called the water cutoff an "atrocity," and offered his own curb-stone prescription: "Tell Castro to walk back and turn the water on or we are going to march out with a detachment of marines and turn it on."

Wooden Touch. With that shot from the hip, Goldwater may well have hit his own foot. True, many people think that Castro's presence in the Western Hemisphere is intolerable and that he should be ousted—if necessary, even by an invasion of Cuba. But any such effort must be well planned, well timed—and, above all, successful. To urge an impromptu attack because of such a relatively minor irritation as Guantánamo's water-supply cutoff smacks to many of gross irresponsibility.

And Barry did little to brighten his image when he spoke in Washington before a luncheon of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce—presumably, an organization that should approve Goldwater's conservatism. Goldwater delivered his talk with a wooden touch, droned a pack of hazy platitudes, drew warm but hardly tumultuous applause when he was through—and caused worried mur-

years than in any comparable period I remember."

More "Nonpolitical" Speeches. As for other contenders, former Vice President Richard Nixon went to North Carolina, where he was mobbed by people at the Greensboro airport, gave an impromptu piano rendition of *Home on the Range* on a Charlotte television show with Arthur Smith and his Crackerjacks, and tossed off two "nonpolitical" speeches in one day. When asked about a write-in campaign under way for him in New Hampshire, Nixon said he would not discourage it. Supporters of Henry Cabot Lodge sent out 94,000 brochures to New Hampshire voters urging them to write his name on the ballot. Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton appeared in Kansas City to say for the umpteenth time that he was not a candidate, would only run if there was "a pure, honest and sincere draft." And Michigan's Governor George Romney said he, too, would be available in the case of a draft, but added a grotesque prediction: "It is more likely that I will die of lung cancer between now and November than be offered a draft—and I don't even smoke."

THE NETHERLANDS

Death of a Princess

With 17 suitcases, a pair of bright blue skis and a parachute in a cage, Princess Irene of The Netherlands tripped gaily aboard a chartered KLM airliner last month, unnoticed by the press. Prettiest of four royal sisters and second in line of succession (after Princess Beatrix, 27), blonde, buxom Irene, 24, took off for Spain, whose culture and language she studied at the University of Utrecht. By last week, when she finally returned home, Irene had stirred bitter animosities among her people, delighted many others,

Church of Jerónimo. When a palace spokesman finally admitted that Irene had been secretly received into the Roman Catholic Church six months earlier, canny Dutchmen immediately deduced that she was in love with a Spaniard.

Host of Hidalgos. Leaving no hidalgo unturned, Dutch newspapers variously identified him as Juan Bosco Alvear, son of a rich winegrowing family, who announced that he had "never even met her"; Bilbao's Santiago Ybarra, a steel tycoon, who protested: "I have a girl friend"; dashing young Fernando Elizburu, who had actually visited The Netherlands and met Irene. Or could her fiancé be Prince Alfonso de Borbón,

The badly shaken Queen tearfully boarded a military plane with Bernhard and took off for Franco's Spain—where no Dutch monarch had ever set foot. Stopping over in Paris, the royal party learned that the government would resign if they went on to Spain. The plane flew home instead. Juliana's unceremonious return led many Dutchmen to believe that the Queen would bow before the wave of hostility against the royal family and abdicate the throne. But Juliana could scarcely step down now.

Through the Gates. Irene meanwhile had decided to handle things her way. After about a week in hiding at a Catalan convent, said a friend, Irene "overcame her difficulties of mind" and would soon announce a "happy family happening." As Bernhard flew off again to bring her home, the princess popped up at the house of her invisible suitor. He turned out to be Prince Carlos de Borbón y Parma, 33, whose family has its own remote claim to the Spanish throne. Paris-born Carlos is an athletic, brainy, offbeat grandee who studied at Oxford and the Sorbonne (economics, science, law), was a parachute champion, and served as a French air force captain. Irene and Carlos said they had been friends for several years, but only "formalized our feelings in Spain." Together, Irene and Carlos boarded Bernhard's plane and headed home.

Back in The Netherlands, the royal party sped to the white Soestdijk Palace east of Amsterdam. When they reached it, 5,000 Dutchmen were waiting in prickly silence. Then the crowd raised a mighty cheer and surged through the gates behind their limousines, singing the Dutch birthday anthem. "Long may she live, hip, hip, hurray!"

Irene's fate was already sealed. By arriving in triumph with Carlos, instead of meekly returning alone to listen to official advice, the high-handed princess angered many important politicians—Catholic and Calvinist alike—who might have helped her. For the Dutch constitution specifies that an heir to the throne must either win approval for his marriage from the government and at least two-thirds of Parliament or renounce all claim to succession. If he marries in violation of the constitution, he is officially regarded "as dead."

Early Sunday, after six weary hours of discussion with the family and its maverick princess, Prime Minister Marijnen and three senior ministers decided sadly that the time had not yet come when the Dutch could contemplate a Catholic monarch and a Spanish consort. Rather than renounce her love, Irene renounced the right of succession and agreed to live in exile. So died a princess.



QUEEN JULIANA, IRENE, SUITOR CARLOS & PRINCE BERNHARD

Alas! Hip, hip, hurray! Adiós!

flouted her family's sternest tradition, and rocked the House of Orange to its foundations. She also got engaged.

First Hint. The engagement, to one of Spain's grandest grandees, might logically have mollified a mother with four unmarried daughters. Not Irene's mother. Queen Juliana is the eight-time great-granddaughter of William the Silent, a Calvinist princeling who led Protestant Holland in its bitter war of independence against Catholic Spain, until his death at the hand of a Spanish assassin in 1584. William is revered by the Dutch as the Father of the Fatherland, and his House of Orange has occupied the throne continuously since The Netherlands became a monarchy 150 years ago. To Dutch Protestants, the monarchy's most fiercely loyal subjects, the royal family's motto, "I Will Maintain," is an unspoken, centuries-old pledge to defend their faith against all foes. For many Dutchmen, Franco's Spain is Foe No. 1.

Her countrymen first suspected that Irene was soft on Spain when word spread that she had been photographed kneeling at Mass in Madrid's Royal

a nephew of Don Juan, the pretender to the Spanish throne? Not likely, said Alfonso, as he flew off to an athletic rally in Czechoslovakia.

Queen Juliana dispatched her private secretary to warn the princess that a Spanish marriage would be deeply resented by most Dutchmen, who have always hated Spain, and detest Franco for supporting the Nazis while they occupied The Netherlands. From Madrid, the secretary reported back that the engagement was off. Irene reportedly called Prince Bernhard, her favorite parent, and said she would fly home.

Her plane returned, but not Irene. In a tizzy over the no-show princess, the entire nation watched and waited while Catholic Prime Minister Victor Marijnen consulted with his ministers and the anguished monarch. That night, in a nationwide radio address (she refused to go before TV cameras for fear she would break down), Juliana announced: "Alas, our daughter Irene has informed us this afternoon that this engagement will not take place. Our daughter is now passing an extremely difficult time."

CYPRUS

Death at High Noon

One sunny morning last week, a Land-Rover carrying seven Greek Cypriots hunched up the road to the tiny village of Ayios Sozomenos. Though only twelve miles distant from the capital city of Nicosia, the village is centuries away in time. To reach it, one travels four miles along a rutted road off the main asphalt highway and then some two miles over goat trails before the cluster of tile-roofed houses is discovered crowded between a dry watercourse and a steep mesa of grey rock.

The Greeks say the men in the Land-Rover had intended to turn on a water pump that serves a nearby town, but were ambushed by Turkish Cypriots hidden in the dry riverbed. The Turks charge that the men in the Land-Rover opened fire on the village shepherds, who replied with their shotguns. With two dead and two wounded, the Land-Rover raced out of range, called for help. Greek Cypriots, armed with a variety of weapons, poured from neighboring villages. By noon they had surrounded Ayios Sozomenos and begun a battle that raged for five hours. At last, British troops, assigned the nearly impossible task of keeping the peace between the island's 500,000 Greek and 100,000 Turkish Cypriots, arrived in sufficient force to compel a cease-fire.

Pitchfork Charge. TIME Correspondent Robert Ball watched the fighting from a nearby hillside, then entered the

village to see the grisly results. His report: "The bitterest fighting was at the western edge of the village, where the attacking Greeks had the cover of gnarled olive trees. In one mud-brick hut, where nine Turks had taken refuge, a window was blasted by a bazooka-type rocket, and the second floor literally sieved with bullet holes. In desperation, one Turkish shepherd tried to flee to the riverbed, but was cut down a few feet from the door. Another grabbed a pitchfork, made a futile, one-man assault on the Greek position, and was mowed down at once.

"Altogether the Turks lost seven dead and several wounded, but they gave a good account of themselves with their shotguns, killing a total of six of the better-armed Greeks and wounding eleven. Next morning a band of 50 armed Turkish Cypriots arrived to escort the 200 survivors of Ayios Sozomenos to the nearest Turkish strong-point at Louroujina, four miles away. As the villagers moved silently off with their flocks of sheep and few cattle, one member of the Turkish rescue column pleaded with a British lieutenant, 'Please take the dead to Louroujina. We came to save the living. If you do not take the dead, they will be eaten by dogs.'"

Message from Nikita. The bitter fighting at Ayios Sozomenos symbolized the explosive nature of the Cyprus problem. Desperately, with a force of only 2,700 men, the British hoped to keep the peace until reinforcements arrived in the form of U.S. and other NATO forces. At least 10,000 soldiers would be necessary for the job. But Cyprus' Greeks had terrifying visions of a NATO plot to impose a political solution on terms favorable to the Turkish Cypriots. So Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus, accepted the idea of a peacekeeping force only on condition that it be under the U.N. Security Council.

The idea of a U.N. force is distinctly unpalatable to the British and the U.S., since it might bring Communist troops onto the scene. Nikita Khrushchev predictably shouldered his way into the delicate maneuvering, addressing an identical note to the U.S., Britain, France, Greece and Turkey in which he complained that "certain powers, trampling on the U.N. Charter and the generally accepted norms of international law, are trying to impose on Cyprus a settlement of problems that concern no one but the Cypriots."

Khrushchev was getting yeoman's help in the Cypriot capital of Nicosia, where the agitated Greek community was already crying "Kato NATO [Down with NATO]." Still surrounded by the three miles of encircling walls built in the 16th century when Venice ruled the island, Nicosia retains the appearance of a medieval town. The moat is now dry and used mainly for parades and religious processions, but the city's eleven projecting bastions are



TURKISH DEAD IN AYIOS SOZOMENOS
Needed; an end to overkill.

in good repair and can still offer riflemen, as they did archers, three good angles of fire against any attackers.

In Nicosia last week, two homemade bombs exploded outside the U.S. embassy, injuring a marine and shattering windows. U.S. Ambassador Fraser Wilkins raced to the Presidential Palace, but on the way missed Archbishop Makarios, who was hurrying to the U.S. embassy. Makarios called the bombing a "crime of the most revolting nature." Nevertheless, since Makarios' government seemed unable to guarantee their safety, half of the 1,200 U.S. dependents on the island were flown to Lebanon. At week's end, the U.S. dispatched a diplomatic team headed by Undersecretary of State George Ball to London, for urgent talks with British officials on the Cyprus crisis.

Dwindling Villages. It will take gifted diplomacy to put Cyprus back together again. As clash follows clash between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots, the island, which is three-fourths the size of Connecticut, tends to become two countries instead of one, with two rival administrations, two police forces and two unmanageable rival parliaments. Originally there were 106 villages where Greeks and Turks lived together in peace if not in amity. Only 23 remain. From the others, Greeks and Turks—most often Turks—have fled to join their compatriots elsewhere. Last week the Turkish flag flew over much of northern Cyprus from the seaport of Famagusta to the Turkish town of Lefka (see map). Throughout most of the



rest of the island, Greeks are in control.

In Nicosia, the British soldiers have drawn a "Green Line" (so-called from the color of the marking used on the military maps), which follows the route of Paphos and Hermes streets. North of the Green Line, behind sandbags and fortified houses, huddles the Turkish community; south, behind identical sandbags and barbed wire, are the Greeks. British patrols try to keep apart the gun-toting partisans of each side.

The atmosphere of insecurity and mutual hatred makes an armistice unlikely. Both sides are heavily armed, partly through the periodic rotation of army units from Greece and Turkey; arriving units carry sidearms, departing units return unarmed, having left their weapons behind with their island partisans. Hence the melancholy jokes about the "overkill capacity" of both sides. One tired and disenchanted British officer commented: "What this island really needs is a disarmament conference."

FRANCE

Beginning a Dialogue

In France last week, as in the U.S., the presidential campaign was heating up. The Socialist candidate, Marseille's handsome, able Mayor Gaston Defferre, 53, got solid party backing at a congress held in Clichy, north of Paris. Defferre went swiftly on the attack, accusing the Gaullist government of failures in education, housing and road building, and claiming that these objectives could best be met with "Horizon '80," his 15-year plan for strengthening France from 1965 to 1980.

Private Domains. In foreign affairs, Defferre argued for national independence based "on the economic rather than the military level," and hinted that, under favorable conditions, he would scrap De Gaulle's nuclear *force de frappe*. But above all, Defferre demanded changes in the Gaullist constitution, especially asking that 1) the President's term be shortened from seven to five years so that he can be elected at the same time as the National Assembly, 2) the President's role should be more that of an arbitrator than an arbitrary ruler with sole authority over such "private domains" as foreign policy, and 3) vital decisions be taken by the Cabinet "and not by one man alone, no matter how great he is."

Most observers expected De Gaulle to campaign by ignoring his Socialist opponent. As usual with De Gaulle, the observers were wrong. At his recent Elysée Palace press conference De Gaulle boasted of France's "general prosperity," then, in great detail, answered Defferre's criticisms of the French constitution. "Our constitution is good," said De Gaulle. "It has given proof of itself for more than five years," and was "neither rejected by the people nor invalidated by events." Assuredly, he declared, neither those who "sigh for

the confusion of the past" nor "those who aim at a totalitarian regime" can willingly accept the constitution. "But let us keep it as it is."

Lackluster Speaker? Under Charles de Gaulle's stern and authoritarian rule, many Frenchmen have felt politically stifled. True, he has not proved to be the harsh dictator many critics predicted five years ago. But Frenchmen ache for a return to the clashing opinions of democratic rule—without the factional excesses of the past. Defferre, whom some think a lackluster speaker with little chance of success, represents the wistful inner hope for an end to political monologue and the beginning of dialogue in French politics.

Most experts give Defferre little chance of beating De Gaulle, now or in 1965. He is, after all, a virtual unknown. The most recent public opinion poll shows *le grand Charles* leading 61% to 38%, which Defferre finds not



DEFFERRE (CENTER) & WIFE CAMPAIGNING
Reaching for the horizon.

too discouraging. Campaigning hard in Paris and Bordeaux last week, Defferre was refusing to woo the Communists because, as he put it, "I couldn't sleep at night." To the Communist threat that they may run their own candidate, Defferre replies that this would simply play into the hands of the Gaullists and assure the election of De Gaulle or his designated heir.

On his regular jobs, Defferre works a tight-packed, 15-hour day, both in his big, chandeliered mayor's office overlooking the old port of Marseille and at the offices of *Le Provençal*, where he serves as the newspaper's director. His chauffeured car is equipped with a hooded light so that he can read dispatches without disturbing the driver's vision. Fitting a presidential campaign into so rigid a schedule seems simple to hard-driving Gaston Defferre. "It is all," he says, "a question of organization."

Channeling Choice

After 162 years of debate and divagation, fears and false starts, France and Britain last week decided to connect island and mainland with a cross-Channel tunnel. The governments approved a recommendation made last September by an Anglo-French study group that found a railroad tunnel "technically possible and economically desirable." But still to be answered were two major questions. Should the "channel" (for channel tunnel) be bored through the chalk of the channel bottom, or should 23 miles of segmented tubes be laid across the intervening seabed? And how would the \$448 million project be financed? Channel buffs talked excitedly of the first auto-carrying train zipping smoothly from Folkestone to Sangatte by 1970. That seemed somewhat overoptimistic, but at least the first big hurdle has been cleared.

AFRICA

Chou's Trip: A Few Critics But Not Much Headway

A blue and white DC-7 skimmed clear of the sand dunes surrounding Somalia's primitive Mogadishu Airport, then wheeled out over the Indian Ocean toward Asia. In his chartered K.L.M. airliner, Red China's Premier Chou En-lai, his hard face lined and bloodless, watched Africa drop behind him. In the course of his 53-day safari, he had toured ten nations, ranging from so traditional a monarchy as Morocco to so Red-hot a republic as Ghana, with time out for a side trip to Albania.

He had conferred at length with ten African chiefs of state, talked briefly with nearly 200 Cabinet ministers, shaken hands with some 400 diplomats. He had toured dozens of dam sites, factories and historical monuments, sat straight-faced through scores of folk-dance performances, and collected enough tribal masks and carved ivory gewgaws to open his own African museum. But what had he achieved?

Well, not much. He won a pledge of recognition from Tunisia, but that was balanced by a public rebuke from Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba at a palace banquet. Bourguiba made it clear that Tunisia did not approve of Red China's bloody bullying tactics in its border dispute with India, nor did it appreciate Peking's refusal to sign the nuclear test ban treaty, "which is regarded by almost all humanity as a hopeful promise."

Though seven African nations signed up for an anti-imperialist "Second Bandung Conference" of Afro-Asian governments, touted by Chou, he failed notably to sow the seeds of Red China's virulent anti-Americanism. This failure was most pointed in Guinea. When Chou attacked the U.S. position in Panama, he was disappointed to find Sékou



VISITOR CHOU, INTERPRETER, & SOMALIA'S SHERMARKE
The hosts were relieved.

Touré unwilling to go along with his condemnation. In fact, Guinea expressed its appreciation of U.S. aid.

In country after country, Chou preached alliance of the colored, underprivileged peoples of the world—"a pact amongst poor friends." This pitch went over better than any other, and no doubt it will be the theme song of future Chinese programs in Africa. But for all his polychromatic pandering, Chou still found many African leaders cool toward China. Indeed, some were just plain frightened.

Crises seemed to sprout like weeds while Chou was on the continent—Zanzibar's government fell in a bloody coup; the armies of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda mutinied; poison arrows began flying in the Congo. And although he claimed no responsibility for the flare-ups ("We Chinese are often surprised by compliments we do not deserve," he quipped dryly in Somalia), many Africans found it hard to swallow such a spate of coincidences. Whether he was guilty or not, they were glad to see Chou out of Africa.

SOMALIA

Blood on the Horn

On the horn of Africa, a man would cut a throat for a camel. Since Somalia won its independence in 1960, throats have been cut in plenty as lithe, black, spear-wielding Somali nomads crossed with their herds into neighboring Kenya and Ethiopia to fight over water rights and grazing lands. Last week the cost of a camel was approximately war, and blood spilled on the horn.

First, a band of 300 Somali *shifas* (bandits) slipped across the border and shot up the Ethiopian crossroads town of Jijiga. Then the Ethiopians, after scanning the 30 bodies their troops had cut down, claimed that the raiders were led by a uniformed Somali army officer. Haile Selassie's Cabinet declared a state of emergency, claiming that 2,000 Somali regulars had crossed the

border. Somalia alerted its own army, reported that eight Ethiopian armored cars had been destroyed in the border fight. By week's end both sides had called a "cease-fire," but the problem was nowhere near solution. In a welter of charges and countercharges, Somali pride stood in bristling opposition to the Lion of Judah.

Frankincense & Myrrh. Of all the nations in East Africa, none combines poverty and pugnacity as completely as Somalia. Outside the capital, its 2,000,000 inhabitants—99% Moslem and 90% illiterate—earn a meager \$10 a year on the average, mainly by herding goats, sheep and camels over the parched grasslands of the interior. The country has no deep-water ports, no railroad, in a land half again the size of California. As if to cement its image of Biblical backwardness, Somalia brags of its exotic exports—frankincense and myrrh.

But for all its poverty, Somalia is a stiff-necked nation. Its people pride themselves on their Hamitic heritage, their nomad hardiness. No Somali

youth feels secure without an iron bracelet—won only by killing two men in combat. Argumentative and fiercely anti-authoritarian, the Somalis are often called the "Irish of Africa," although as Moslems they prefer cold camel's milk to a headier gargle. Well-meaning foreigners who stroll into their quaint, collapsible villages (stick-and-skin *aghals* that can be packed onto camelback in a matter of minutes) often find themselves on the receiving end of accurately thrown stones as the Somalis scream, "Out with the infidel!" Even Mogadishu, Somalia's sunny, somnolent capital (pop. 150,000), has a perennial air of impermanence, particularly in the rainy season, when some of its mud buildings show a disconcerting tendency to melt into the gutters.

Despite the heat and squalor, Mogadishu is a center of political and intellectual ferment. Politicians representing one or another of Somalia's ten parties argue vociferously in gritty coffee shops—a rare sight in a New Africa that is moving steadily toward one-party government systems. There is spirited debate in Parliament, and although the commonest sound on the streets is still the beggar's cry for "Baksheesh!" there is plenty of free and strident speech to counterpoint it.

Spears & Sten Guns. Like all Somali politicians, Premier Abdirashid Ali Shermarke cries stridently for a "Greater Somalia," which would include the disputed portions of Kenya and Ethiopia traditionally cruised by wandering Somali herdsman. In recent years, the nomads have added Sten guns to their spears, and the once-shifless *shifas* have taken on the determined air of guerrillas. For all his violent expansionism, Shermarke is basically a reasonable man. A heavy-set, introspective ex-clerk of 44, Shermarke was educated at Mogadishu's Institute of Law and Economics, took honors in political science studies at Rome. Although his Somali Youth League party is expected



SOMALIA'S MOGADISHU
The Irish were belligerent.



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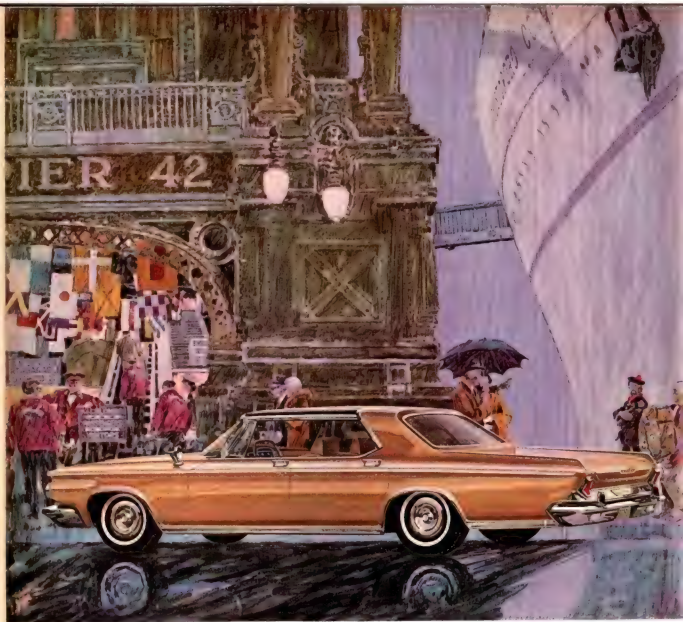


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of them, Negro Professor Louis Schuster, 56, was ordered to leave Ghana on three hours' notice. "We were just pawns in a chess game," he declared. "It was an organized campaign against the United States."

With Washington's patience wearing thin (U.S. aid to Ghana so far: \$170 million), the State Department registered its formal protest, called home U.S. Ambassador William P. Mahoney Jr. for consultations. Nkrumah would not even deign to receive the protest. Ever since the fifth attempt on his life last month, he has not dared to show his face in public; he presumably will not even return to his office until workers complete a fourth wall that he has ordered built around Flagstaff House.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Off to Court

News photos out of Saigon last week showed two Vietnamese soldiers ushering through a courtroom door a little man in white who seemed so weak that he had to be held on his feet. He was Ngo Dinh Can, 50, brother of South Viet Nam's two murdered ex-leaders, Ngo Dinh Diem and Ngo Dinh Nhu, and once the tough overlord of central Viet Nam. While Can ruled, the Viet Cong moved warily in the region, but he made lots of other enemies as well. Fleeing for his life after the anti-Diem coup, Can sought asylum in the U.S. consulate in Hue.

But U.S. diplomats turned Can over to Big Minh's junta, on the understanding that he would be granted something more than the summary judgment meted out to Diem and Nhu, whose bullet-riddled corpses reportedly lie buried in the courtyard of Saigon's Joint

General Staff headquarters. In jail, Can fell ill from acute diabetes. Hauled from the hospital last week, he underwent a preliminary hearing preparatory to trial for so-called crimes against the state.

"National Unity" And Stepped-Up War

From the way he buttonholed passers-by on Saigon sidewalks, the pint-sized Vietnamese officer in green fatigues could have been Nelson Rockefeller campaigning in the New Hampshire primary. He shook hands, introduced himself, asked, "Have you any suggestions about how we can do a better job for Viet Nam?" The politician was none other than South Viet Nam's strongman of the hour, Major General Nguyen Khanh, 36. Almost desperately, he was striving for the support necessary to safeguard his successful military coup.

The folksy style pleasantly surprised U.S. advisers, who have long urged grass-roots politicking on government leaders. Next day Khanh flew to address troops at guerrilla-beleaguered Ben Cat, 27 miles north of Saigon. "We cannot win the war by staying in Saigon," he said. "It is the countryside where the majority of the people live, people who need help, protection and security." At a village market, he questioned startled peasants about their health, housing and work. With flashbulbs popping, he handed out candy to squealing small fry, wisecracked: "A few more months of this and I will be ready for Hollywood."

Spooks for Generals. For all his efforts, Khanh has as yet made no great impression on the mass of the population, and has yet to prove the charge he invoked to justify his coup—a purported "neutralist plot" involving the former junta. It is far from certain that all the military are behind him. But he has rewarded his chief collaborators handsomely. Major General Tran Thien Khiem, whose III Corps troops arrested former Junta Boss General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, got the No. 2 military job as Defense Minister and commander in chief. But among the ranks of Khanh's new, expanded, 53-man junta (eight major generals, nine brigadier generals, 25 colonels, ten lieutenant colonels, one major), there was endless wrangling over the lesser spoils. Many a junior officer was disgusted.

Yet at week's end Khanh managed to put together a "government of national unity." His Cabinet was a mixed bag of politicians, bureaucrats and soldiers. He gave Big Minh his old title back as "Chief of State," and invited him to move into Gia Long Palace, once occupied by Diem. Minh, still popular with both the masses and the U.S. embassy, had already agreed to front for Khanh as "supreme military adviser." But Khanh, who plans to pull the strings, named himself Premier.



MINH & STRONGMAN KHANH
Erecting a front.

Rampaging Reds. While the political game went on, the Viet Cong—just as they did in the confusion after Diem's fall—lost no time stepping up the war. Unleashing their biggest offensive since November, the Reds increased small-scale harassments and terrorism, launched a rapid-fire series of battalion-size attacks. In Vinh Long province, the Viet Cong murdered the mother of the army's intelligence chief for the southern Mekong Delta. In Saigon, a Communist-planted bomb exploded in the Playboy Bar, killing five Vietnamese and wounding 40 other patrons, including six Americans.

U.S. intelligence reported Viet Cong assassination agents slipping into the capital, with U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge as a prime target. In a bold attack on a U.S. military compound, a four-man Red guerrilla squad slipped by night into a barracks in central Viet Nam occupied by 130 American advisers, bombed and burned a billet, wounding a captain. A Kansas corporal opened fire and killed two of the intruders.

The bloodiest battle took place 45 miles northwest of Saigon. A 500-man Red contingent, which apparently slipped in over the Cambodian border five miles away, overran five adjoining strategic hamlets and one Self-Defense Corps post. Refusing to let the hamlets' 4,000 peasants flee for protection, the Viet Cong fought off 500 counterattacking paratroopers and other government contingents backed by dive bombers, napalm and artillery. Finally the Reds withdrew toward Cambodia, having inflicted the worst government toll of any single action so far in the war: 94 dead, 32 wounded.



CAN WITH ESCORT
Facing the judges.



CUBAN TRAWLER (LEFT) & COAST GUARD INTERCEPTOR

Trivial or tempest?

CUBA

The Water War

Lambda 8: The American ships are the CG40438 and the CG95320, both with .30-cal. machine guns, the CG95312 and a destroyer.

Havana: How is the enemy treating you?

Lambda 8: All right. *Havana:* Keep the flag high. Cuba is with you.

Back and forth the messages crackled, after U.S. coastguardmen boarded *Lambda 8* and three other Cuban fishing boats lying 14 miles off the Dry Tortugas Islands, west of Key West. The boats were clearly violating the U.S. three-mile territorial limit. Ordinarily, it would be a trivial affair, worth merely a warning before sending the fishermen on their way. But it ballooned rapidly into a crisis.

Joining the Act. Though the boats carried no military equipment and had 5,500 lbs. of fish aboard, the Coast Guard could not be sure just what the fishermen were up to. Into Key West under escort went the tiny flotilla and its 38 crewmen. For 48 hours the men were kept aboard their boats at the Key West naval base. The captains claimed that they had been driven inshore by strong winds. But two men requested political asylum, and one of them said that the boats had been deliberately sent into U.S. waters. Washington seemed ready to let the trespassers go, but then the state of Florida leaped into the act, claiming jurisdiction under a new law prohibiting vessels of Communist powers from fishing within three miles of the state's coast. Seven youngsters between 14 and 16 years old were released for deportation home; the other 29 Cubans were

taken to Key West's Monroe County jail to await trial. Maximum penalty: six months in jail, plus \$500 fine.

Downing Suspicion. In Havana, Fidel Castro accused the U.S. of "a cold war act of aggression," while Cuba's men at the U.N. stormed about a new confrontation as dire as the 1962 missile crisis. In reprisal, Castro shut off the water that Cuba has been supplying to the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo Bay in eastern Cuba. Guantánamo's fresh water comes from a pumping station on the Yateras River four miles from the base, is paid for by the U.S. at the rate of \$14,000 a month. The Cubans have kept the pumps going without interruption, even during the Bay of Pigs invasion and the missile crisis; but now, said Castro, there would be water for only one hour a day until the fishermen were released.

At worst, the cutoff will cause the Navy moderate inconvenience. Long ago prepared for such a move, the base has a reserve of over 15 million gallons on hand; there is also a special tanker that can convert 100,000 gallons of salt water a day into fresh water. By cutting down use from 2,000,000 gallons a day to 500,000 gallons, Guantánamo can go a month with what it has, and tankers from the U.S. can bring in whatever is needed from then on to make the base permanently self-sufficient. At week's end, President Johnson also ordered most of Guantánamo's 3,000 Cuban workers dismissed, unless they agree to live on the base or spend their pay, totaling some \$6,000,000 a year, at Guantánamo. All this should just about finish the incident—unless Castro wants to escalate the puny battle into a campaign to force the U.S. out of Guantánamo, thereby testing the Johnson Administration's firm-



FISHERMEN & GUARDS

ness, just as it is having its full share of troubles in Panama and half a dozen other places.

Castro's campaign to break through the U.S. economic embargo was picking up speed. On top of recent negotiations for British buses and Spanish fishing boats, two French firms—Automobiles M. Berliet and Richard Frères—announced that they will sell \$10 million worth of trucks and tractors to Cuba, with the French government guaranteeing up to 90% of the unpaid balance.

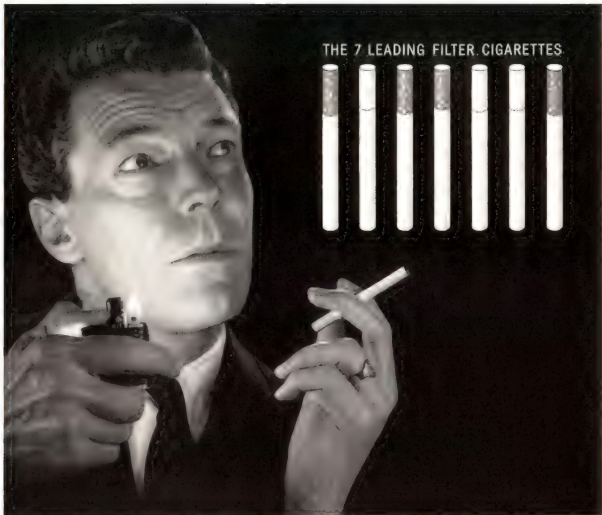
PERU

Dealing from Strength

First came a phalanx of women and children, and behind them the short, silent, barrel-chested men armed with slingshots, rusty rifles, and carrying *Tierra o Muerte* banners. Once again Peru's restless peasants were trying to chase landowners off their estates. The invasions have been going on for months, and President Fernando Belaúnde Terry has hesitated to intervene. But last week, when 8,000 peasants appeared at 14 haciendas near Cuzco in the southern highlands, troops drove them back in a pitched battle that left 17 dead, 32 wounded on both sides. Within hours, Belaúnde declared martial law in the area—and then pressed ahead with a reform program to give Peru's Indians by law what he cannot permit them to take by force.

Peru's President was not acting from weakness but from new-found strength. For the first time since he took office six months ago, Belaúnde felt secure enough to deal swiftly and firmly with an explosive situation. Having won the presidency with only 40% of the popular vote, he has depended on the shaky support of the two major opposition parties in Congress. But in December municipal elections, his *Acción Popular* party won a clear majority throughout the country. And now with national sentiment on Belaúnde's side, the opposition has more reason to cooperate. As a leader of APRA, Peru's most powerful opposition party, puts it: "We are the loyal opposition—or better, our position is one of critical cooperation."

With any luck, Belaúnde should do



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not too strong...not too light...Viceroy's got the taste that's right.

well. Peru has one of Latin America's most solid currencies (26.60 soles to the dollar) and a rapidly expanding industry (copper, manufacturing, fishing). The problem is to spread some of the soles around. In the highlands, 6,000,000 Indians still speak the language of their Inca ancestors, earn a bare \$15 per family per year; city slum dwellers do little better. But Belaúnde's government has already built 2,200 low-cost housing units in Lima. He has pushed through a new universal-education law that will take a long time to implement, but at least theoretically extends free schooling to all Peruvians from kindergarten on up through university level. And he is embarking on a campaign to relieve land pressure in the high Andes by opening up the fertile jungles on the eastern slopes. Jungle pioneers will get complete tax exemption.

Last week Peru's Congress was debating a \$579 million budget for the coming year, biggest in Peru's history, and Belaúnde is discussing loans with West Germany, Great Britain, Japan, even Finland. The country's *Alianza* aid, Peruvians feel, has been snagged because of the disputed International Petroleum Co. concession (TIME, Nov. 8). But Belaúnde talks hopefully of agreement, and U.S. businessmen think he means it.

PANAMA

Rule of the Whitetails

All OAS efforts at quiet mediation had failed. Nor would any U.S. gesture of conciliation shake Panama's determination for a showdown over the canal. And so last week, the OAS unhappily voted 16-1, Chile alone dissenting, to invoke the Rio pact and formally investigate Panama's charge of U.S. aggression during last month's Canal Zone riots.

The Panamanian leaders standing so inflexibly against the U.S. are not the usual run of Latin American leftists and rabid ultranationalists. President Roberto F. Chiari, his most influential ministers and all major candidates in the May 10 presidential elections are members of a deeply entrenched elite that has ruled Panama since it proclaimed independence from Colombia in 1903. They are wealthy, well educated, anti-Communist, vigorously competing among themselves for power—and finding the widely resented canal treaty an ideal target to call attention away from their own position.

In politics, as in everything Panamanian, some two dozen families have the last hurrah. Since 1903, all 37 Presidents have come from the elite ranks. Through intermarriage and partnerships, they control the banks and businesses, sugar mills and coffee *fincas*, newspapers and radio stations. They are the employers and landlords who count: less than 1% of the country's landowners hold half of the privately owned land, most of it the choice acre-

age. In the bitter slang of the streets, Panamanians call them *rabiblanco*, meaning whitetails.*

Neat But Not Gaudy. The whitetails send their sons to Harvard and Oxford, fly off on regular visits to Paris and New York. Their suburban Panama City homes may be relatively modest by U.S. millionaire standards, but they have vacation retreats in the mountains and cruise the Gulf of Panama aboard their private yachts. Yet in the strict sense, they are not oligarchs. They are less formal than the dynastic families of Peru and Colombia, probably not as rich, certainly not as snobbish.

Though a few families claim conquistadors as forebears, others rose up from the land only two generations ago. To their credit, most wealthy Panamanians normally reinvest their profit at home, instead of socking it away in U.S. and Swiss banks.

President Chiari himself is one of



CHIARI



ARNULFO ARIAS

From the elite, a long hurrah.

Panama's richest men; he donates his \$22,000-a-year presidential salary to the Panamanian Red Cross. His major source of wealth is the family's dairy farm and sugar plantations. Chiari's Blue Star dairy supplies most of Panama's milk, and the sugar plantations give him a near monopoly on that commodity. (Price of sugar in Panama: 11¢ per lb., v. 6¢ in the Canal Zone.) Chiari's father was one of the leaders in Panama's fight for independence from Colombia, soon after built up a fortune in cattle and sugar. When the family fell on hard times during the Depression '30s, Roberto worked on a Panama Canal ferry. But shrewd real estate deals and other investments have rebuilt the family fortune, until today the Chiari is millionaires many times over.

Shrimp & Goose Step. Of all the family trees, none cast longer shadows than those of the two unrelated Arias clans—64 entries in the Panama City telephone book. At the head of one family, old and aristocratic, is Ricardo ("Dickie") Arias, who lost to Chiari in the 1960 election. The second Arias

group owes its prominence to the late Harmodio Arias, a poor country boy who built a successful law firm, expanded into cattle, shrimp fishing and publishing (four newspapers), then became President (1932-36). His son Gilberto, twice served as Finance Minister; Son Roberto, was Panama's Ambassador to Britain (1955-58), but is better known for other excursions. In 1959, with his wife, British Ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, he was accused of smuggling arms aboard his yacht in a musical-comedy invasion of Panama from Cuba.

The politician in the family is Arnulfo Arias, 64, Harmodio's younger brother and a Harvard-educated coffee planter. By all accounts, he is the man to beat in the May 10 election. Twice elected



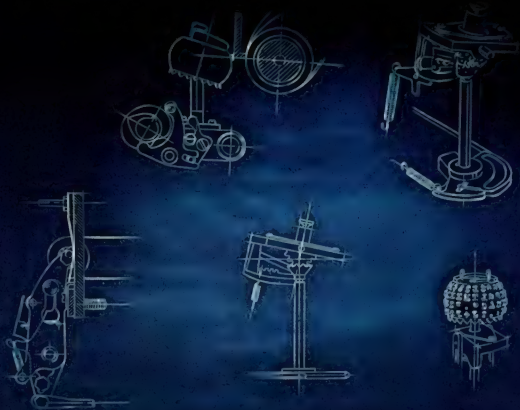
DAME MARGOT & ROBERTO ARIAS

President (1939, 1949) and twice deposed (1941, 1951), Arnulfo is a fiery speaker with a record of totalitarian flirtations, including Nazi sympathies during World War II. He had high school students goose-stepping in the streets of Panama City until his fellow whitetails rose up to throw him out. He now campaigns on a platform of friendship with the U.S. (but "justice" on the canal) and preaches land reform for Panama's have-nots.

Cousins & Nephews. Alarmed by Arnulfo's radical talk, Panama's ruling elite would like to stop him, but cannot agree on how. President Chiari, who is barred from running again, has thrown his weight behind Marco Robles, 58, a second cousin, for President. Arnulfo's own family has put its money and newspaper support behind Juan de Arco Galindo, 53, a wealthy Georgia Tech-trained engineer. On the ticket as Vice President: Gilberto Arias, Arnulfo's nephew.

No matter who wins, Panamanians can be sure of one thing: the whitetails will be wearing the white ties and tails.

* After a fairly rare Central American game bird whose meat is white.



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Shake with Ice— $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Hiram Walker's White Creme de Menthe, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy. Strain into glass over ice cubes. Delicious!



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PEOPLE



Lennon, Harrison, McCartney & Starr

Top pop mop-tops.

At 1:20 p.m. the jetliner touched down at New York's Kennedy International Airport, and the whole place went up for grabs. Some 2,000 hooky-playing, caterwauling teen-agers stomped, whistled, screamed, sang or just plain fainted while the plane slowly disgorged 105 passengers, eleven crew members and four British Beetles. Oops. Beatles. On their first U.S. tour, the mop-topped, top pop wailers, John Lennon, 23, George Harrison, 21, Paul McCartney, 21, and Ringo Starr, 23, grinned amiably at the whole mad display. What was their secret? "A good pressagent," chirped Ringo. (They have 17.) And how about the Detroit movement to stamp out Beatles? "Oh, we have a campaign of our own to stamp out Detroit," said McCartney reasonably.

"There was James, Margaret, a nun in New Zealand, Stanislaus, who died in 1955, Charles, who died five days after James, George, who died at 14, Eileen, who died last year, myself, Eva, who died in 1957, I think, Florence, who is still living, and Mabel, the youngest, who died at 17. James loved her." The James who so dominates the family is James Joyce, and his sister, May Joyce Monaghan, 74, was talking about him during a visit to New York on the 82nd anniversary of his birth. "Jim, as we used to call him, was very gentle and quiet. He wasn't a fighter, you know. He used to say everybody recognized he was a genius except his six sisters." At that, May has managed better than most readers. "I've read the *Portrait* and *Dubliners* over and over. I've read *Ulysses*," she boasted. But even sisterly love falters. "I've read *Finnegans Wake* as far as I can get," she admitted. "I like to hear it read."

Between now and May, no fewer than four little noble bundles will be dropped on the doorsteps of Princess Alexandra, Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent. With Britons as crazy about betting as

they are, it was only a matter of time before a Royal Stork Stakes was organized. Now in Portsmouth two enterprising bookmakers have announced that they are accepting bets on the sex and names of the royal tots-to-be. George, Mary and Philip are 10-to-1 favorites for Elizabeth's baby, but the odds makers are covering all angles. For example, says Bookie Harry Garcia, "we're ready to lay 50,000 to 1 against the Queen—Her Majesty, that is—having a boy and calling him Prince Nikita."

In December, 1962, on an icy highway outside Moscow, a light car crashed into a truck, and Russia's leading physicist was pulled from the wreckage all but dead. His body was crushed from head to thigh; he was in a deep coma for seven weeks and clinically "died" four times in a single week. Miraculously he survived. And last week word came from Moscow that Lev Davidovich Landau, 56, had finally been released from the Neurosurgery Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. But the Nobel Prizewinner (it was awarded to him ten months after the accident) still appears unable to think in the A-then-B-then-C sequence necessary to scientific theorizing, and his colleagues fear that despite his physical recovery, he will never return to his work.

The telephone company has bagged its biggest trophy. At 12:01 last Saturday, President Lyndon Johnson's National 8-1414 phone number at the White House was changed clikety-zip to 456-1414. Said an anti-digit dialing partisan bitterly: "Prestigewise, we've had it."

Of all the gall. Some punk just walked up and stole this 1963 Ford station wagon, not even considering who the owner was. So Mickey Spillane, 45, had to report the theft to the Sarasota, Fla., cops. Moped he defensively: "I know what you're going to say: 'Go find it yourself.'" Gone with the car

were his wife's engagement and wedding rings, his wallet, and the only manuscript of his new book, *The Body Lovers*. The manuscript he didn't mind. "That just means I've got to sit down and do three more days' work."

"I am weary of intellectualism," Princeton Professor Eric Goldman, 48, once said. And coming from the president of the Society of American Historians, the remark was something of a surprise. But Goldman is likely to be full of surprises in the months to come. He has just been appointed to be a sort of super ideaman for channeling "the nation's best thinking to the White House." The respected author (*Rendezvous with Destiny*, *The Crucial Decade*) plans first to recruit 40 experts on domestic and foreign affairs from across the U.S. and start pumping them for ideas. Said he in a half jest he may wish he had never uttered: "If someone in Kansas City has an idea on anything, he should write me."

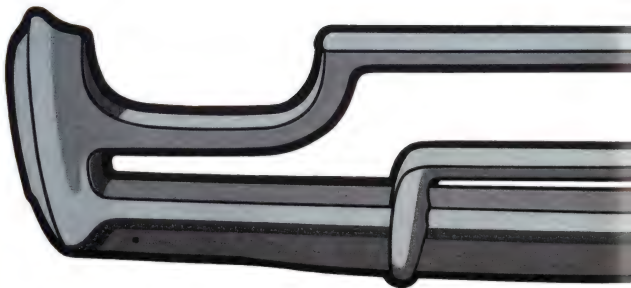
Just a minor traffic violation, and could he please see the license and registration? The Roman traffic cop's eyebrows lifted, and he pointed out to the *signora* that her six-month tourist auto permit had expired a few days ago. And that meant Anna Moffo's air-conditioned Lincoln Continental, with built-in bar, had to be impounded by Italian customs. She can get it back any time—by paying a \$5,000 fine, a \$5,000 import duty and a \$10,000 redemption fee. But since the car cost only \$9,800 new, the American operatic soprano is having none of it. "I'm planning not to pay one lira of that fine," she told reporters. "I've got lawyers working on it. I'll take this as high as I have to." Meanwhile, sighed Anna *con lamenti*, "I've bought a bicycle."

LONDON EXPRESS



MOFFO

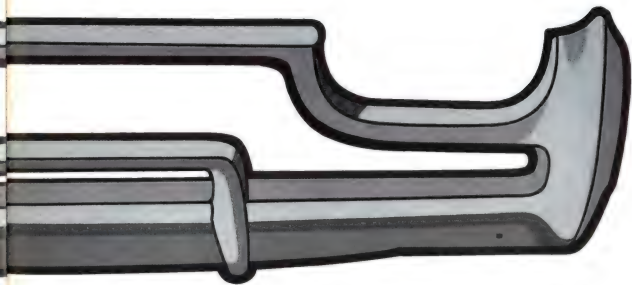
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PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Spreading Boycott

"A fizzle!" scoffed James B. Donovan, president of New York City's Board of Education. "A whoopee success!" cried a Negro leader. Such were the wildly opposing verdicts last week as almost half of New York's 1,000,000 public-school children—464,362, to be exact—stayed home during a one-day boycott protesting *de facto* segregated schools. Allowing for hooky players and the normal 100,000 absentee rate, it was still the biggest civil rights demonstration in U.S. history.

But what did it gain? Can such huge protests really improve Negro educa-

line Negro organizations—scheduled more boycotts in Chester, Pa., Cambridge, Md., and Wilmington, Del. The big targets later this month are Boston and Chicago, to be coupled with a possible second boycott in New York. Although some Negro politicians oppose the proposed boycott in Chicago, the nation's most visible Negro leader, Martin Luther King, last week gave the boycotters "my moral support and deepest sympathy."

Pressure & Progress. Most whites in New York deplored the boycott as a misguided pressure tactic, likely to backfire. But New York Negroes contend that pressure has won them impressive gains since 1955, when the

by Negro leaders, now convinced that pressure gets eventual action. Inflamed by the fuel-on-the-fire bluster of Board President Donovan ("This is not a board of integration or a board of transportation"), they went ahead with the boycott. Pushing it hard was Organizer Bayard Rustin, who, the day after the boycott, attended a cocktail party at the Soviet U.N. mission—thus rousing suspicion about his links to Communism (Pacifist Rustin says he belonged to the Young Communist League from 1938 or 1939 to 1941).

But the boycott's real impetus was something deeper: the Negro's passion to let off steam about everything—jobs and housing, as well as schools. As School Superintendent Calvin Gross analyzed it, "This was the first opportunity for every Negro and Puerto Rican to express—with social approval—everything he feels under his skin about prejudice and discrimination."

Where does this leave real integration? "The new plan is the best we can come up with," says Gross. "I only wish everyone understood what it's going to take to put it through." The key limiting factor is white reaction. When the names of the paired white schools are released next month, whites may well respond with lawsuits and their own boycott—tactics that whites have already used recently. Gross is pessimistic; wryly dropping into education jargon, he says: "The quality of interpersonal relationships' around here is just awful."

Separate but Superior? The danger in New York is the loss of what Gross desperately needs—bifacial pressure for more city and state money to upgrade and integrate the schools without wrecking them. Currently blinded by emotion, whites and Negroes will sooner or later have to consider genuine educational ideas. Where bringing about total integration seems unfeasible, as in New York, the most realistic idea is "compensatory" schooling for culturally isolated children.

Low-income Negro families are often run by working mothers without husbands. The consequent lack of adult models particularly handicaps Negro boys, who fall into psychological troubles that few schools can handle. Ideally, the segregated schools of central Harlem and Brooklyn could take over many parental functions, providing extensive guidance as well as teaching of the highest order. Negro extremists insist that such ideas are euphemisms for "separate but equal." More moderate Negroes disagree. "Raising the quality of education is the first and unavoidable step in realistic integration," says Psychologist Kenneth B. Clark, who calls mass bussing "irrelevant, emotional and diversionary."

If this idea ever gets across, it may provide New York with what sociologists call a "superordinate goal"—the kind of overriding common interest that unites



PICKETING IN NEW YORK

The real need: compensatory schools.

tion? What are the prospects for new boycotts in other Northern cities?

Rising Offensive. By short-term accounting, boycotts have won nothing whatever. The Boston boycott last June was sparked by the refusal of the city's school-committee chairwoman even to recognize the existence of segregation. Result: whites overwhelmingly re-elected her last November. Chicago's huge (225,000 absentees) boycott last fall was aimed, for similar reasons, at removing School Superintendent Benjamin C. Willis. Result: white-supported Willis is stronger than ever. New York's boycott protested the supposed shortcomings of the schools' extensive new integration plan. Result: the plan stands unchanged.

Nevertheless, the rousing numerical success of New York's boycott fueled a rising Negro offensive throughout the North. In Cleveland, after a week of racial violence, 800 bussed-in Negroes were fully integrated at some mostly white schools, and a threatened boycott called off. Negro militants—many of them wildcatters opposed by old-

Board of Education began retreating from the "neighborhood school" to the recognition that a concentration of Negro pupils, although caused by housing patterns, is of itself an educational handicap.

By "permissive zoning" and other measures, New York has since bussed or shifted thousands of Negro children to mostly white schools. The new plan aims to pair about one-fifth of the city's mostly Negro schools with nearby mostly white schools, so that all children of some elementary grades attend one school and all children of other elementary grades attend another. Moreover, it envisions smaller classes, more Negro teachers, more pre-school instruction to give Negro children a better start, and an end to culture-biased IQ tests and to the short class days caused by multiple sessions. In short, it will put New York ahead of any other major city.

What produced all this was the threat of a boycott, starting last summer. Yet the new plan, made public before the boycott, was scorned as "not enough"



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hostile groups when they find themselves in mutual danger. Meanwhile, says Calvin Gross, "I'm afraid things are doomed to get a lot worse before they get better."

BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES

What Everybody Knows—

Or Do They?

Nothing raises eyebrows faster than the idea that science can find "laws" of human behavior. Human differences are too vast for generalizations that apply with any exactitude to individuals. Yet hard and useful evidence about the way most people are most likely to act most of the time is slowly being gathered by the young "behavioral sciences"—anthropology, psychology, sociology and related fields. Unhappily, much of the evidence is shrouded in jargon. Happily, nonscholars may turn this week to *Human Behavior: An Inventory of Scientific Findings* (Harcourt, Brace & World; \$11), the first plain-English compendium of behavioral science's best-tested propositions.

1,045 Findings. Financed by a wide variety of sponsors, including General Electric and the Carnegie Corporation, *Human Behavior* is the massive work of two highly literate behavioral-scientists, University of Chicago Psychologist Gary Steiner and Sociologist Bernard Berelson, vice president of the Population Council. By sifting hundreds of case studies and experiments, Berelson and Steiner have produced 1,045 concise findings "for which there is some good amount of scientific evidence." Many only give a scientific stamp to "what everybody knows," but others make concrete what is generally only suspected, prove (or disprove) folklore, or substantiate the obvious with interesting evidence. Samples:

► People see what they "need" to see. The pupil of the eye dilates on seeing pleasant things, contracts at distasteful things. The more ambiguous the view, the more it rouses preconceptions—as in the Rorschach test, for example. Seeing is so subjective that coins of the same size look bigger to poor children than to rich children.

► Hypnotism works. It can demonstrably produce organic effects, such as blisters caused by telling the subject that he has touched something hot. Hypnosis may be the ideal anesthetic since it has no aftereffects. The most suggestible subjects: children aged seven to eight, girls and women, people with higher IQs.

► Learning sticks better when the learner gets a fast, meaningful reward (the principle of programmed instruction). Rest periods make learning more effective: six ten-minute periods of hard practice usually get better results than one full hour. The best way to remember something is to go to sleep right after learning it.

► Within families, average intelligence rises from the first-born to the last-born.



BEHAVIORISTS IN ACTION (WELCOMING THE BEATLES AT KENNEDY AIRPORT)

They want what they have to work for.

Summer and fall babies do better in school, probably because they have a general health advantage. Children taught two languages from the start are handicapped in both. Although IQ scores partly reflect cultural influence, and to that degree can be raised by training, they usually remain quite stable after the age of six or seven. Intelligence is mostly inherited; the problem is spurring a child to use all he has.

► Highly creative work is produced early in life—typically, in the 30s.

► Psychotherapy has not yet been proved more effective than general medical counseling in treating neurosis or psychosis. In general, therapy works best with people who are young, well-born, well educated and not seriously sick. The more like the therapist, the more curable the patient.

► Premarital sexual relations are allowed in a clear majority of societies, but extramarital relations are almost universally condemned. Every known human society forbids incest, but nearly all have a recognized procedure for divorce, which in the U.S. reaches a peak around the third year of marriage. A curious cementing factor in societies allowing free mate selection is that partners tend to complement each other's psychological needs—for example, "a highly hostile individual would seek to mate with a highly abasing person."

► Individuals tend not to hold out against unanimous group judgments, even when the group is clearly in error. Conversely, humans are most loyal to small groups of peers. Strikes are more common, for example, in industries that tend to be insulated from the larger community, such as mining and lumbering. Similarly, people prejudiced against one ethnic group tend to be prejudiced against others, and do not even know the depth of their prejudice.

► "Tolerance" is only slightly promoted by more information. Communication of facts is generally ineffective against predispositions. Even small social changes, if undesired, cannot be effected without heavy social and personal cost. Opinions, attitudes and be-

liefs usually change only when people are forced into new group loyalties that overpower their old ones. Even so, group culture sticks: "Whatever was learned early in life tends to resist change, and whatever was learned late in life changes most readily."

Depressing Deceiver. What emerges from their findings, conclude Authors Berelson and Steiner, is a dour view of Western man—not the Greek lover of reason, the Christian believer in redemption, or the Renaissance liberator of human power, but a depressing creature with a vast talent for distorting reality because of psychological needs. "Behavioral-science man" thinks what fits his wishes, says what pleases his peers, avoids conflict and protects his neuroses. He votes with his friends, wants what he has to work for, and thinks that his group or organization ranks higher than it does. If threatened with disillusionment, he simply slides into fantasy—and reality pays the price.

All this he can do with supreme skill because of his unique capacity for language and symbolization. Unlike animals, man adjusts to reality by renaming it on his own terms. For him, the word is the end as well as the beginning. Thus he survives lack of talent, loss of position, the law's delay, unbearable pressure, and compromise of integrity. As Poet T. S. Eliot put it:

Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind

Cannot bear very much reality.

Yet this image is far from complete, as Berelson and Steiner are the first to point out. A certain "richness," they admit, "has somehow fallen through the present screen of the behavioral sciences"—the joy and pain of life, the variety of men, the central human concerns of love, hate, death, ethics and courage. But the image is bound to change: the behavioral sciences are not yet a century old. In the end, say the confident authors, the new sciences will make "an indispensable contribution to the naturalistic description of human nature—the contribution of hard knowledge tested by the methods of science."



ROUSSEAU'S "SLEEPING GYPSY"

Is sleep restorative or a natural condition?

PHYSIOLOGY

Mens Sano

In Corpore Sano

*Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the
world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet
sleep . . .*

—Othello

The man who now carries to bed with him the world's heaviest burden of responsibilities, Lyndon Baines Johnson, needs no drowsy syrups to help him get to sleep—and he often gets only five hours a night. Adman David Ogilvy takes a nightly dose of "a little yellow sleeping pill" which, his doctor assures him, is not habit-forming, and he falls asleep easily on his right side. Actress Julie Harris finds that a long run in an exacting role makes it progressively harder to sleep, sometimes reads aloud to herself for half an hour or more, then falls fast asleep with the lights on. World's Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston sleeps as single-mindedly as he fights, but in a different posture: usually on his back, says his wife, "I leave him there unless he starts snoring. Then I make him turn over on his side."

No Wolf or Owl. Though it has always been as natural and universal as eating and drinking, in recent years sleeping has become one of the most talked-of and sought-after boons of life. For many people it seems to be one of the most elusive. From breakfast to bedtime, modern man echoes a recurrent complaint: "It's so much harder to get to sleep, and to stay asleep, than it was in the old days." There is indeed much more to stay awake for. Electricity makes it possible to read through half the night without straining the eyes and without getting up to trim a wick. The same electricity brings in round-the-clock radio programs, while TV compels to make the late show later.

When he finally does go to bed and tries to sleep, the city dweller has to

MEDICINE

contend with the incessant noises. Suburbanites are not much better off, and the remotest home on the range may lie under the path of roaring jet airliners—the same swift giants that carry a man halfway around the world in half a day, and throw his built-in waking-and-sleeping clock out of kilter.

No such noises shattered the sleep of the pioneers a century or more ago. But the tire screech of a hard-braked automobile is probably no more disturbing than the howl of a timber wolf rallying the pack. And no American today need lie awake worrying whether the soft fluting of a small owl is really the signal that a band of Indians is closing in for a scalping spree.

If the enemies of sleep have changed more in kind than in quantity, it still seems fairly certain that modern man sleeps less than his ancestors did. Some reasons are clear: generations ago, men did a great deal more physical work; they got plain tired, or downright bone-weary. And before Mr. Edison's electric bulb turned night into a gaudy imitation of day, it was hard on the eyes to read, write or sew after dark.

What Is Normal? Whatever the problems, sleep and slumber, dreams and dreaming have fascinated man ever since he evolved the wits to think about them. But not until the 20th century did truly scientific medical research get rolling. The results are summarized in a scholarly monograph, *Sleep and Wakefulness*, by Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman (University of Chicago Press; \$12.50). Dr. Kleitman lists no fewer than 4,337 learned publications on sleep, but he winds up with the sobering conclusion that, even today, nobody can define the condition. The basic question remains unanswered: Is wakefulness the more natural and fundamental state, in which sleep is only a restorative interlude, or is sleep the truly normal condition?

From his eminence as the grand old

handman of science, Dr. Kleitman dismisses the popular theory that man has a "sleep center" in his brain that must be activated to lull him out of his normal wakefulness and into sleep. "The principal, if not the only mechanism involved," he says, "is a center or system whose activity induces and maintains wakefulness and whose inactivity leads to sleep."

Muscle Fatigue. What does it take to make the wakefulness center fall asleep? Aristotle noted that a heavy meal leads to somnolence, went on to speculate that sleep is caused by vapors rising from the stomach. Physicians have attributed falling asleep to temperature changes in different parts of the body. Neurologists have found complex explanations in various nerve bundles. Pavlov, who became famous by getting a dog to drool at the sound of a dinner bell, invented a theory of cortical inhibition.

Nonsense, says Dr. Kleitman: man goes to sleep when his muscles are so tired that they have to relax, though this is complicated by the tensing effects of emotions on muscles. The mere act of lying down leads to eventual relaxation of all but two muscle groups—the sphincters that remain contracted to keep the sleeper from soiling his bed. Muscular relaxation leads, by some mechanism that no one yet understands, to relaxation of the wakefulness center. In the process, the temperature of the body drops about one degree. No man can lull himself to sleep, however, simply by cooling down his bedroom. His own internal thermostat will fight back. Not only will the discomfort of being chilled tend to keep him awake; it will make him shiver, and shivering speeds up the body's metabolism, which also heightens wakefulness.

Stored Energy. During sleep, the heart slows down from an average of 75 to 60 beats a minute. Breathing slows down, from an average 16 to 12 respirations a minute. Blood pressure falls. Sweating increases. The liver

stores up glycogen ("animal starch") that will be needed during the day for conversion into blood sugar that is in turn converted into energy. The kidneys go on working, endlessly filtering metabolic poisons out of the blood, but because the sleeper has no water intake, his first morning urine is more concentrated and darker than during the day.

Sleep has no direct physiological effect on the brain. Because the brain has muscles, it does not get tired. What passes for "brain fatigue" is actually a combination of muscle fatigue and emotional factors, such as anxiety, boredom, or the hypnotic effects of a monotonously repeated task. The muscular and emotional components of sleepiness and wakefulness are almost impossible to sort out. Even the seemingly simple closing of the eyelids has a complex explanation: the eye muscles get tired (so that, in extreme fatigue, focusing becomes impossible), and the cornea must be kept bathed in fluid and protected from dust. Just lying down, with eyes open but with muscles relaxed, has some refreshing and restorative effect. Lying down with eyes closed, to shut out distracting movements, is a bit better. Getting so relaxed as to be half asleep, half awake, beginning to have dreamlike fantasies, is better yet. The last best help to man is sleep itself.

Warm Milk. By whatever mechanism, sleep is the great refresher, or as Shakespeare had it, "Sore labour's bath/Balm of hurt minds." The important thing is to fall asleep at the time of one's choosing. Responsible physicians doubt that there are any universal passports for a quick trip to Nirvana.

The one inviolable rule is: relax—which, of course, is easier said than done. Even the most tightly wound-up businessman can usually do so after 36 holes of golf because his tired muscles do his relaxing for him. But on his workaday routine he may use no more muscle power than it takes to walk to his car. At day's end his muscles are tense, not tired.

The before-dinner drink is a good relaxant, because alcohol depresses nerve cells in the brain, and these help the muscles to relax in their turn. A heavy dinner too late at night, topped by too much liquor, may soon induce a stuporous sleep, but this is likely to be interrupted by hydrostatic pressure in the bladder. At the other extreme, going to bed hungry results in stomach contractions, which keep most people awake. There is much to be said, both physiologically and even psychoanalytically, for Grandma's prescription of a glass of hot milk at bedtime. And for those who feel they have outgrown plain milk, there are soothing substitutes: Ovaltine, Sanka, cocoa or hot buttered rum.

Many men insist that they must have an alcoholic nightcap, but more and more have learned to pass up brandy after dinner, explaining: "It keeps me awake." It, in its place, they take vodka (a mixture of almost pure alcohol and

water), they are on the right track. Scotch whisky and gin in moderate amounts are also unlikely to interfere with sleep. The trouble with brandy, bourbon and rye is that, compared with vodka, most brands contain 20 to 30 times as much of the ingredients known to liquor chemists as "congeners." Some of these are the aromatics that give the liquors their characteristic odor, taste and color. Others are chemically different kinds of alcohol, including fusel oil. Even in minute amounts, these congeners keep some people awake.

Caffeine, whether in coffee, tea or APC tablets (aspirin, phenacetin, caffeine), taken for a cold, definitely has a stimulating and sleep-postponing effect on a majority of people. But there is a substantial minority on whom, laboratory tests show, it has no effect at all. There are even a few people whom it puts to sleep.

Relax & Enjoy It. Short of the outright sleeping pills, which doctors call hypnotics, there are many drugs that help to bring on sleep, but these also affect different people in different ways. Ironically, some of the best-known pep pills put some people to sleep. Many of the antihistamines, intended to relieve allergies, are also prescribed as soporifics. Virtually all the tranquilizers tend to make falling asleep easier, but their mechanisms vary.

Though sleeplessness, usually dignified by its Latin (and medical) name, insomnia, is now an even commoner complaint than the common cold, few doctors recognize it as a disorder. Lack of sleep, they say, is self-curing, and no one ever died of it. The complaint, "I tossed and turned all night and didn't

sleep a wink," is a myth. (Dr. Kleitman has heard it from a man who had just been observed sleeping soundly for seven hours.) The most that these hard-headed doctors will concede is that anxiety about not getting to sleep is itself upsetting, and they will prescribe just a few hypnotics to break a vicious cycle. But most doctors prescribe sleeping pills as freely as aspirin.

Shakespeare's poppy is still around in the form of morphine and its derivatives, plus synthetic substitutes. Mandragora is gone. But the drowsy syrups, and more recently tablets and capsules, have multiplied enormously. By far the most abundantly used and misused are the barbiturates. They come under a hundred names. New, synthetic hypnotics are claimed by their makers to be safer and in some cases surer.

Many doctors doubt these extravagant claims, but the sleep-pill business is booming. The number of prescriptions written for barbiturates is meaningless—too many prescriptions are renewed, in defiance of doctors' orders and federal and state laws, and many prescriptions are forged. Americans spend an estimated \$60 million a year, legally or not, on prescription-type sleeping pills. Another \$17 million goes for over-the-counter items which, by federal law, must contain none of the potent opiates or barbiturates. After the harried insomniac has spent a few hours in drug-induced sleep, he is likely to wake up heavy-lidded, furry-tongued, with the feeling known as barbiturate hangover. Then he may turn to pep-up as an antidote.

Insomniacs who shy away from pills have created a new industry. They can



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**CONTINENTAL
AIRLINES**



spend up to \$480 for a hospital-type bed that cranks up at head and knees, down at the buttocks and feet. For \$69.95 they get a gadget, the size of a table radio, that makes white noise—"a scientific blend of all sounds"—to drown out intruding racket. Other machines swish like the restless sea, or, in midwinter, hum like summer's air conditioner. There is a whole catalogue of ear plugs, His and Her reading lights, even a togetherness cigarette holder so that two can smoke in bed.

Not like a Log. There is no single best position for falling asleep, though the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says all humankind adopts an approximately horizontal position. This is in contrast with birds, which sleep standing on one leg, with beak tucked under wing. Most people sleep on their sides, spending more time on one than the other, and tend to bend the hips and draw up the knees a little, the better to relax. Sleeping supine is likely to cause snoring, which may wake the sleeper himself, besides disturbing others.

Though many people claim that once they fall asleep they don't move, Dr. Kleitman is emphatic: "No normal person sleeps 'like a log.' Anyone gets uncomfortable from staying in one position while asleep, just as he would while awake. To check this, his University of Chicago researchers rigged up Ruhe Goldberg devices to bedsprings and got electrical recordings of sleepers' tossing and turning. The average: 20 to 60 major movements during a night's sleep.

Most people will settle gladly for a few hours a night. But how many are really necessary? For centuries there have been six-, seven- and eight-hour schools. Healthy men with strong digestions, Robert Burton held, need less sleep than those with weak stomachs; sanguine and choleric men need less than the phlegmatic, and the melancholic need most of all. Thomas Edison claimed that a man needed only four or five hours of sleep a night—but he also took daytime naps. Among volunteers in scientific studies, the natural sleeping time has ranged from about six to more than nine hours, with an average of 7½.

No Instant Dream. However long they sleep, many men and women have difficulty staying asleep for the desired number of hours. Mothers get the habit of sleeping "with one ear open," afraid they may miss a high-pitched cry from a child's bedroom. Men in their 40s and over are more likely to be waked by bladder pressure.

Though it has not yet been proved, it seems likely that most predawn awakenings result from dreaming. The tensions of the day that a man carries to bed with him may be damped by a nightcap or pill, only to be reactivated by dreams after the first couple of hours, when sleep is deepest. It is in the study and explanation of dreaming that sleep scientists have recently made their most dramatic progress.

The stuff that has been written about

dreams would fill a library, and most of it makes as much sense as "such stuff as dreams are made on." Dr. Kleitman's Chicago team determined to collect accurate data. Such brilliant students as Dr. William Dement (now at Stanford University) and Dr. Edward Wolpert (now at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital) stuck a tiny electrode on each side of a volunteer's eye and carried the leads to a brain-wave machine (electroencephalograph) in the next room.

The waves on the EEG showed when the sleeper's eyes were moving. Slow eye movements, taking three to four seconds, occurred when the sleeper was moving the position of his body. But rapid, almost flickering eye movements, now abbreviated in the trade jargon to REMs, occurred in varying stretches of five minutes to an hour, several times during a night's sleep. By waking and questioning their subjects after a REM period, the researchers found that they nearly always recalled having just finished a dream. By checking their EEG tracings with what their subjects told them, the Chicago researchers learned that:

- Most people dream four to five times a night.
- Dreams may last a few minutes to an hour, but average 20 minutes.
- Events in a dream happen about as fast as corresponding events in reality.
- Occasionally a sleeper has a series of related dreams, like soap-opera installments, and sometimes a common thread runs through two or more dreams like a leitmotif.

► Outside events, such as the noise of opening and closing doors, are rarely incorporated in the dreamer's libretto.

Guardian of What? Though such facts have been established, the basic question remains: Why does anybody dream at all? Kant and Schopenhauer equated dreams with insanity. Freud called dreaming "the guardian of sleep"; he concluded that the sleeper dreams of problems (often heavily disguised) that boil up in his unconscious because they are too painful or threatening for the conscious mind to face. The dream, he said, preserves sleep by offering a palliative for the problem.

Dr. Dement devised an ingenious experiment to find out what happens if a person is allowed to sleep his normal number of hours, but is not allowed to dream. His volunteers were awakened whenever their REMs indicated the beginning of a dream. Then they were allowed to fall asleep again. And so on, night after night. By the third night, most volunteers began to get edgy and act strange. In the final part of the experiment, when they were allowed to sleep as long as they wanted, they dreamed twice as much as usual.

Dr. Dement concluded that dreaming may be even more than the guardian of sleep: it may be the guardian of sanity itself, as sleep is the guardian of general health.

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CG '64

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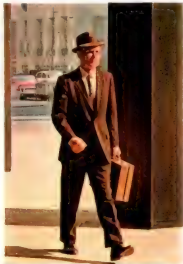
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MAGAZINES

Balm for a Gloomy Bear

Ever since last spring, said University of Alabama Football Coach Paul Bryant, he has been unable to keep his mind on his work. Instead, his thoughts kept turning darkly to a March 1963 *Saturday Evening Post* article that accused him and Wally Butts, former football coach at the University of Georgia, of trying to fix a football game. Bryant also remembered an earlier *Post* article claiming that he taught "excessively rough football." Last week the *Post's* parent Curtis Publishing Co. took a long step toward relieving "Bear" Bryant's gloom. It handed him \$300,000 in settlement of two libel actions against the *Post*.

Although the settlement represented less than 3% of the \$10,500,000 that Bryant was asking, the \$300,000 is tax-free. It will come to him as compensatory damages—direct payment for the anguish, the loss of salary and the loss of face in the football community that he may have suffered because of the *Post's* accusations. The U.S. Internal Revenue Service does not consider such payments taxable, although punitive damages in libel cases—damages assessed as fines against the libeler but paid to the libeled person—are taxed as regular income.

Thus Bear Bryant will probably wind up with more spending money than Wally Butts, who also sued the *Post*. An Atlanta federal jury awarded Butts \$3,060,000, but last month the trial judge held the sum "grossly excessive" and reduced it to \$460,000, which Butts accepted. Even so, Butts will keep only a small portion of his award: \$60,000 in tax-free compensatory damages and, after income tax deductions, only about \$76,000 of the \$400,000 in punitive damages levied against the *Post*.

In coming to terms with Bear Bryant,

Curtis said it saw no chance of getting "an impartial jury" in Birmingham, where the case would have come to trial this week. Curtis also plans to go on fighting the Butts case "until a judgment is finally entered in our favor."

REPORTING

Trouble in Notasulga

Whenever race trouble erupts in the South, newsmen are about as welcome as segregated schools. Tempers can flare at the mere presence of reporters, who are there to record an example of Southern inhospitality. Last week in the little Alabama farm town of Notasulga, local hostility turned into violence—with an ironic twist. The victim was a Southerner: Vernon Merritt III, 23, a freelance photographer from Birmingham. His attackers were officers of the law.

What earned Merritt his heating in Notasulga might in another locale have come under the heading of journalistic enterprise. He simply slipped aboard the school bus bearing the first Negro students to try to enter Macon County High School. He figured he could photograph the story from the youngsters' point of view. But law authorities had already gathered in force to prevent the token integration, and some of them had been tipped that a photographer was on the bus.

When the bus arrived, Dallas County Sheriff Jim Clark leaped aboard, armed with a billy and an electric cattle prod. He jammed the billy in Merritt's belly, and he applied the prod to the photographer's neck. With the aid of a deputy, he threw Merritt off the bus, there prodded him some more as he lay on the ground. All this was caught on film by Merritt's unmolested colleague, Cameraman Ed Jones of the Birmingham News. Merritt's equipment—\$800 worth—was smashed with such enthusiasm that the

six Negro pupils, who stayed inside, thought they had heard pistol shots.

Photographer Merritt was released with the order to "walk the hell out of here"; last man to shove him along was Alabama Public Safety Director Al Lingo. When Governor George Wallace heard what had happened he told Lingo that "this sort of thing must not be allowed to happen," and he called Merritt in to shake his hand warmly. "They all expressed dismay," said Merritt, "but it seemed to me there was something insincere about it." He was right. The next day Wallace gave the newspapers his version of the incident: Merritt, the Governor claimed, had resisted the sheriff, would not get off the bus willingly,

BROADCASTING

The San Francisco Caper

It could have been an episode in a TV serial—one of those reminiscent bits about the lost romance of journalism, about the high old days when the best reporter was the brash guy who knew how to steal the opposition's story. But this was no act. These were TV newsmen warming up to play real-life reporters.

The scene was the Georgian room of San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel, where the Republican National Committee was conferring with network representatives about coverage of the Republican National Convention. "I'd been walking around the room," says Don Hewitt, a CBS producer and director. "Then I went back to my seat and looked down." There on the red and black carpeting, within easy reach, lay a black leather loose-leaf notebook that no CBS money could ever buy. "It was staring me right in the face," Hewitt remembers. "in great big gold letters four inches high: NBC'S CONVENTION PLANS FOR 1964. Who could resist? Like any red-blooded American boy, I picked it up."

The meeting droned on, but Don

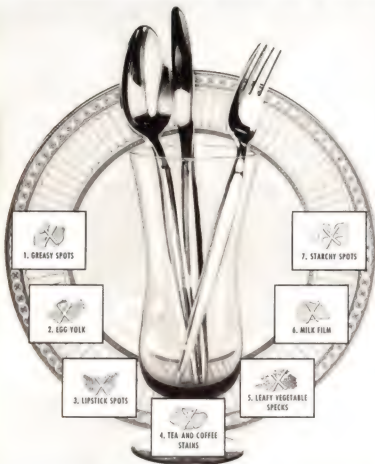


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Hewitt had lost all interest. With a covert nod to a CBS colleague, Robert Wussler, who had witnessed the heist, he sneaked out of the room and took a cab to the Fairmont Hotel. Soon afterward, he was joined by Wussler, and together the two men studied Hewitt's prize.

Blankety-Blank. It was only a matter of moments before Allen B. ("Scotty") Connal, an NBC unit manager in San Francisco, noted the absence of his notebook. Recalling the sudden departure of the man seated directly behind him, Connal performed an elementary deduction and tracked CBS's Hewitt to the tenth floor of the Fairmont. Accounts differ on what happened next.

According to the NBC version, Connal, a onetime semipro hockey player with a hockey player's propensity for violence, burst into the room and offered to defenestrate the thief. "If I don't have that blankety-blank book back in five blankety-blank seconds," said Connal, "somebody's going out that blankety-blank window." Whereupon, Hewitt surrendered the notebook.

Hewitt demurs. "The guy was, practically in tears when he came in," says the CBS director. "I tell you, I'd have been frightened to have lost a book like that. After I produced the book, Scotty said, 'There's nothing in it, fellows. Go ahead and read it.'"

All told, says Hewitt, he enjoyed illegal possession for half an hour. He passed over nonessential information, such as wastebasket requirements, to absorb the minutes of secret NBC meetings and any documents stamped CONFIDENTIAL in red ink. Scotty Connal, says Hewitt, was the soul of helpfulness. With Wussler kibitzing, Hewitt was allowed to scan NBC secrets all the way down the elevator and into the Fairmont garage. "By this time we were buddies," said Hewitt.

Light-Fingered. Back in New York, both networks struck postures of cold disapproval. "Hardly the adult thing to do," sniffed Julian Goodman, vice president of NBC's news division. CBS hauled the light-fingered Hewitt in for a frosty session with the boss. "I made clear to Don that I thought this was not very bright," said Richard S. Salant, president of CBS's news division. "Don was advised to keep whatever he learned to himself, and never do it again. We're not very proud of this."

There was, perhaps, no reason to be proud. But by week's end, the guilty party was still vainly searching his soul for contrition. "If I had another chance like that," said Don Hewitt, "I honestly don't think I could resist." For that matter, neither could any other red-blooded American boy who calls himself a newsman.

* Thereby starting a CBS house joke to the effect that at the Republican convention next July, all CBS personnel will be required to take first-floor hotel rooms.

THEATRE, TULIPS AND THE TIERGARTEN

London Berlin Rotterdam



by Peter Griffith

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THE STAGE

The Rise of Rep

Repertory theater, never much of an institution in the U.S., has grown in recent years in every region of the country, and the movement is overdue. Rep companies are the tap source and five-foot shelf of theater in other nations; they give actors unmatched experience, they try new forms, and they keep the so-called classics dusted.

A Rembrandt can be seen and Melville can be read; but Marlowe or Molière are pale shadows in paper-

to know what they are going to be doing a month from now. They don't mind the lower pay; at least it is steady. One good reason that it is steady—beyond the well-demonstrated popularity of rep groups with local audiences—is that the Ford Foundation believes in repertory theater perhaps even more than actors do. In the last four years, Ford has given almost \$7,000,000 to various repertory groups.

Rep companies across the country are shown in the adjoining color portfolio. An index of how advanced the movement has now become is the fact

that their plays to Lincoln Center are well. Getting things off to a quite literally sensational start, the company's first production is Arthur Miller's controversial *After the Fall* (TIME, Jan. 3), and its third will be S. N. Behrman's *But For Whom Charlie*. Behrman is 70. "I'm left over from another era," he says, "but I'm glad I didn't die." Behrman's *Charlie* is now in rehearsal, as is Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, which opens next week.

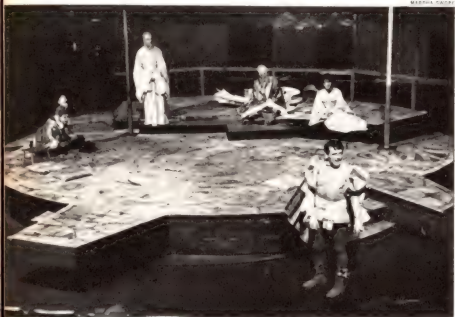
Most Broadway plays rehearse for three weeks. *After the Fall* had run-throughs last summer and started rehearsals three months before opening night. "It wasn't really a play we began with," says Robards. "It was more like a large encyclopedia containing all the thoughts Miller had." Miller showed up almost every day to tell Director Kazan just what he wanted, and he even roughed out a Plasticine model of the play's thrusting set as a guide for Jo Mielziner. Thus the playwright had an unparalleled opportunity to shape his work as he envisioned it—and its confessional nature, its immediate excitement but its artistic failure, are Miller's own doing.

Beyond the Boundaries. That sort of failure—having nothing to do with box-office receipts, which are quite good because of 46,500 pre-sold subscriptions—is part of the repertory idea. "Success?" says Kazan. "I'm through with that crap game now. We feel we have an absolute right to errors. No one is on trial. No one is in danger." A play or an individual performer is free to feel his way, to grope toward the boundaries of talent, even to stumble beyond.

Most insular New Yorkers do not realize that their city is joining, not setting a trend. New York thinks it discovered Bertolt Brecht, for example; but San Francisco's Actor's Workshop had *Mother Courage* in its repertory for seven years, long anticipating the Brecht vogue that later appeared off-Broadway. Sir John Gielgud is about to flash into Manhattan with a backstage modern Hamlet, but Sir Tyrone Guthrie was doing much the same a year ago in his new rep theater in Minneapolis, which is not to suggest that Guthrie invented modern-dress *Hamlets*, but merely that regional theater is now doing what New York does, and often some time ahead.

There are now, in fact, about as many first-rate professional rep companies as there are franchises in the American League. Among them:

► The Seattle Center Playhouse, less than three months old, has three productions going in rotation (*King Lear*, *The Firebugs*, *The Lady's Not for Burning*), a fourth opening this week (*Death of a Salesman*), and Robert Ardrey's *Shadow of Heroes* in rehearsal for presentation April 1. "The plays running now are infinitely better than they were when they opened, and they continue to improve," says Director Stuart Vaughan. "That is the beauty of repertory." Operating in a theater built



SCENE FROM LINCOLN CENTER'S "MARCO MILLIONS"

An assembled dream, a five-foot shelf and a right to errors.

back. They must be performed on the stage to come alive, and the commercial theaters are not going to underwrite such performances. Only professional repertory companies, through constant revivals, can preserve the history of the drama in a meaningful form. Similarly, when the art of theater is to be advanced, only a company that is not hooped to commeree can try something new and almost certainly unpopular without fear of financial ruin. By and large, the American theater ignored the obvious need of rep groups until it could ignore them no longer.

Out of the Quagmire. The rise of repertory owes much to Broadway, in a negative sort of way. Broadway has got itself into such an economic quagmire that only its most negotiable shows last very long. Hence acting jobs are few and dispiriting, and actors with big names as well as small ones are more than willing to sign on with rep companies, in most cases abandoning New York. They want to act—in three or four different plays a week sometimes—and they want

that New York is catching up with it. Biggest event of the 1963-64 theatrical season was the debut last month of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center.

On paper, the group is an assembled dream. The permanent acting company consists of 26 actors working under 2½-year contracts, and includes such names as Jason Robards Jr., David Wayne, Hal Holbrook, Ralph Meeker, Mildred Dunnock, Zohra Lampert and Salome Jens. About half the actors are young newcomers who are being trained as they go, both in productions and in daily classes that have been going on for more than a year. The group's guiding lights are Robert Whitehead, who was one of Broadway's most successful producers (*Member of the Wedding*), and Director Elia Kazan (*A Streetcar Named Desire*). Its "executive consultant" is Critic-Director Harold Clurman (*Waiting for Lefty*). Its stage designer is Jo Mielziner, like the others one of the top men in his profession in the U.S.

Established playwrights are giving

THE REGIONAL THEATER COMES OF AGE



GREASEPAINT GALORE is being slapped on with vigor by professional actors in local companies across the U.S. A member of Seattle's Repertory

Theater, now in its first season, Actor William Myers makes up as the rag-and-bone man in Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning* while Conrad Bain looks on.

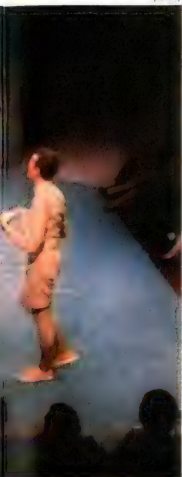


IN MILWAUKEE, Fred Miller Theater, named for the late High Life brewer, boasts resident company, here performing *A Thurber Carnival*.



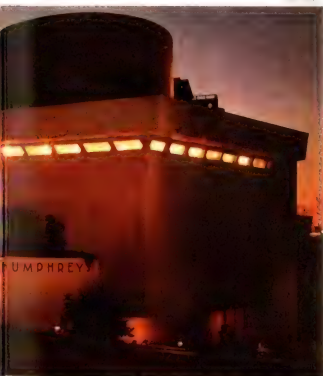
IN DALLAS Theater Center (right), designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and named for a former Texas actress, Managing Director Paul Baker discusses Ronald Wilson's role in Max Frisch's *The Firebugs*.





IN HOUSTON, Alley Theater Founder and Director Nina Vance (left) gives advice to

cast of Molière's *Imaginary Invalid*. Costumes are made in Alley's own workrooms.



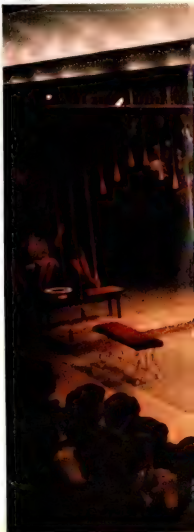
IN LOS ANGELES' U.C.L.A. Theater Group, Collin Wilcox (left) and Alexander Scourby play in Chekhov's *Sea Gull*. Play was directed by TV and Film Producer John Houseman.



AT MINNEAPOLIS' new Tyrone Guthrie Theater (above), George Grizzard played plain-dress Hamlet last season (left). Jessica Tandy (burgundy gown) was his mother, the Queen, while in foreground play-within-a-play of murder scene unfolds.



OKLAHOMA CITY'S Mommers, born in 1949 in an old circus tent, present *Life with Father* in converted warehouse. Troupe now plans to build new theater with aid of \$1,250,000 Ford grant.





IN SAN FRANCISCO, Actor's Workshop gave lusty production of Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle*. In scene

above, innocent stable boy (right) is accused before corrupt judge (seated) of raping innkeeper's bawdy daughter.





WASHINGTON, D.C. Arena Stage troupe, now in new \$850,000 theater, frolics through *Hotel Paradiso*. Company plays to near-capacity houses, is in its 14th season.

MEMPHIS' Front St. Theater presents *Threepenny Opera*: Group, which opened in swimming pool in 1957, now leases neighborhood cinema, has 32-week season.



as part of the 1962 World's Fair, the company is heavily subsidized (10,000).

► Milwaukee's Fred Miller Theater is battling odds and winning. The odds are Milwaukee itself, where the highest praise the drama critics know how to give is to compare the Miller's actors with the Green Bay Packers. But the Miller Theater is winning because of the extraordinary energy of its 29-year-old director, John Alexander McQuiggan. He has ten players who do eight shows in an October-April season. *The Hostage* is the current draw, with Pirandello's *Right You Are If You Think You Are* coming next. "No one can direct eight shows," he says. "We bring in one man for each show and he shoots his wad." In the summer, McQuiggan raises money. "What about the Ford Foundation?" That foundation has all the money and has no idea what's happening in the theater," he says, hitting off all five fingers and half of the Ford palm. "They gave \$17,000 to some theater in San Francisco and nobody even knows where it is. I mean, they don't advertise or anything."

► San Francisco's Actor's Workshop does advertise, but its 4,362 subscribers know where it is anyway. Of all U.S. rep companies (now that Greenwich Village's Living Theater is no longer living), this one has its head most completely immersed in Cloud 81. "We limit ourselves to what is not considered popular fare," says Director Jules Irving. "Our audience has to be patient with the kind of discoveries we make." Besides pioneering Brecht, the Workshop was the first American theater to produce Harold Pinter, whose *Birthday Party* ran there for three years. It has a company of 13, frequently produces the works of unknowns. "We didn't spring full-blown like the Tyrone Guthrie Theater," says Founder Irving, who comes from New York. "We're indigenous."

► Minneapolis' Tyrone Guthrie Theater, established last year, did indeed spring full-blown—on a land grant plus \$400,000 from a local foundation, a \$337,000 Ford Foundation grant, and scattered donations that launched it in a \$2,250,000 theater. That Guthrie was eager to go to Minneapolis indicates the value placed on regional repertory by men of the theater: he was once artistic director of the Old Vic; he helped found the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ont., and his name is a draw both on Broadway and the West End. The Minneapolis group reflects Director Guthrie's special flamboyance. Trumpets blare and drums roll before each performance. Laertes was running about last year with a .38 in his hand. In this season's *Henry V*, the tide at Agincourt may well be turned by a hand grenade.

► Memphis' Front Street Theater started six years ago in the bottom of an empty swimming pool (stage in the deep end, orchestra seats in the shallow), and has been trying to get out from under ever since. Now, with a rented theater, its debt is diminishing, and Founder George Foulouts, 34,

hopes to surface this summer, can turn to what his theater ought to produce—"an American theater instead of a New York theater, doing plays born out of the social roots of the community." Meanwhile, he has been sweetening his ledger with things like *The Boy Friend* and *The Tender Trap*.

► Oklahoma City's Mummies Theater was started 15 years ago by Mack Seism, 36, a graduate in chemical engineering from the University of Oklahoma, who decided that the life of the stage was more interesting than cracking oil. Housed in an old warehouse, the Mummies have set some sort of record by being solvent from the start, especially since they produce Edward Albee and Samuel Beckett as well as surer things like *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, which closed a successful run last week. "A successful resident theater," says the Ford Foundation, "appears to be dependent upon a single driving, talented director or producer determined to have his own theater company and to have it in a particular place." Ford recently gave Seism \$1,250,000 to build a new theater.

► Houston's Alley Theater is the oldest rep group of national importance. It was founded in 1947 by Nina Vaca, a girl from Yoakum, Texas, who had decided she wanted to be a director but found that New York could not care less. "You know the story about how if you're in college and can't get into a sorority, you can always start your own," she says. "That's what I did." Her company occupies a converted electric-tan factory and does seven mixed-bag productions a year (*Harvey*, Moliere's *Imaginary Invalid*, Chekhov), was an amateur group for seven years before going Equity in 1954. In 1960, the Ford Foundation began giving the Alley \$2,000 a week to hire ten professional actors and keep them there for at least three seasons. New York professionals rushed to the scene and stayed. The subscription roll has built to 4,500. And last year the Ford Foundation promised Nina Vaca \$2,100,000 to get out of the tan factory—provided that she could raise another \$900,000 on her own. She did, and she is building two theaters: a 600-seater for the money-makers and a 250-seater for art.

► Dallas' Theater Center group is housed in a theater designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, which looks as if it had been chopped out of a Cuneiform liner. The Theater Center was opened in 1959. Its director is Paul Baker, once head of the widely acclaimed drama department at Baylor University. Among this season's productions are two new plays and such varied old ones as Robinson Jeffers' poetic drama *Medea* and Cole Porter's frolic *Can-Can*. ► Princeton University's McCarter Theater is one of only four professional rep groups that exist at U.S. colleges. Its 25-member company has a fall and a spring season (all Shakespeare this memorial spring), and is intended as a living library of theater: in four years at the university, an undergraduate can

see performed examples of great drama from all periods.

► The Guthrie Theater serves as a graduate study laboratory for the drama department of the University of Minnesota; a roving Equity group called the Association of Producing Artists is at the University of Michigan; and the Theater Group, founded by Producer John Houseman, is at U.C.L.A.

► Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage, with 11,000 subscribers, has become "comfortably self-supporting," says Zelda Fichandler, who founded it in 1950 just after taking her master's degree in drama from George Washington University. First playing in an old movie theater and later in a brewery, the



PRINCETON'S PLAYERS IN REHEARSAL
A group for all eras.

Arena was understandably known for a time as the Old Vat. New Yorkers used to snicker at it, but no longer. On scattered grants, contributions and box-office success, the Arena built itself a stunning, 773-seat theater two years ago, which is as impressive as its solid, non-star company. It likes revivals such as John Hersey's *The Wall* (now playing) and John Whiting's *The Devils*.

America has thus been made safe for citizens who live and breathe theater. The Lincoln Tunnel is no longer a rampsoot leading from the hanging gardens to the desert. And the most curious footnote to all this is that Broadway shows are having difficulty finding understudies. On the mere rumor of such an opening, six candidates would once have appeared like geni. But now *Luther*, for example, is playing without a substitute Luther because almost every serious young actor who can walk or crawl has gone off to a rep company.

SPORT

THE OLYMPICS

Avalanche at Innsbruck

A curious cosmopolite could learn a lot from last week's ninth Winter Olympics at Innsbruck, Austria. American women have too many teeth, for instance. Russian women have too many muscles. American men are lousy street fighters. Russians ski uphill better than down. Austrians and Frenchmen ski downhill better than anyone. And, above all, for goodness' sake never argue with an Austrian cop.

"Fix! Fix!" Not since the summer games of 1956, when the Hungarians and Russians tried to kill each other in a water polo match, has an Olympics produced so much brouhaha. Dutch speed-skating officials complained that a Swedish referee had the ice shaved at strategic moments—thereby helping Jonny Nilsson (a Swede) win the men's 10,000 meters. Americans spent \$4 to file an official protest when Austrian skiers were allowed to study the men's giant slalom course in comfort, by walking it downhill. (Everybody else had to trudge uphill.) German fans screamed "*Schiebung! Schiebung!*" ("Fix! Fix!") when judges awarded France's Alain Calmat a spectacular score of 98 points for free-style figure skating, even though he fell down twice and burst into tears at the end of his performance. And the Austrian police seemed to have it in for everybody.

Trigger-tempered troopers mauled women spectators, roughed up the French ski coach, hustled newsmen off to the jug for nothing more serious than asking stupid questions. They really mused up the hairdos of three inebriated U.S. Olympians who borrowed

the car of a French sweater manufacturer (without telling him), drove it the wrong way down a one-way street (without a license), and had the bad sense to shout "Dirty Nazi swine!" when they got arrested.

The Russians, on the other hand, got along fine with everybody—and why not? *Noblesse oblige*, you could call it. "Now, that is something on which I expect you are already well informed," smiled saucy, blonde Lidia Skoblikova, 24, when a reporter boldly inquired after her vital statistics. The No. 1 star of this or any other Olympics. Speed Skater Skoblikova picked up her fourth gold medal of the games last week in the women's 3,000 meters and posed gaily for photographers with all four strung around her neck.*

Other Russians did nearly as well. Going all out to win the men's 1,500 meters, Speed Skater Ants Antonson, 25, hurled himself bodily across the finish line—and slid headfirst into a snowbank. Claudia Boyarskikh, 24, a sturdy Siberian schoolteacher, led a 1-2-3 sweep in the grueling women's 10,000-meter cross-country ski race, also won the 5,000 meters, collected still a third gold medal as anchor woman on the victorious 15-kilometer relay team. Vladimir Melanin, described as "a 30-year-old student," coolly plinked 20 straight bull's-eyes (at ranges up to 273 yds.) to win the biathlon—an oddly militaristic combination of cross-country skiing and rifle marksmanship. Skating with all the speed and sureness of, say, the Chicago Black Hawks, Russia's hock-

ey team rattled off seven straight victories, outscoring its opposition by 54 to 10. Against Germany, the Russian goalie only had to make 19 saves; the German goalie made 95—which was still ten too few. One after another, blue-clad Russians tramped to the awards platform, while a weary Tyrolean band played *Union Indissoluble, Republics of the Free* over and over again.

Sitting Down. By week's end the Russians had amassed eleven gold, eight silver and six bronze medals—for a grand total of 25, almost twice as many as anybody else. The Russians' one king-size disappointment was the men's 500-meter speed-skating sprint. On form, the race figured to be a breeze for Evgeny Grishin, 32, the world champion, the world record holder (at 39.5 sec.), the Olympic record holder (at 40.2 sec.), a double gold-medal winner at Cortina in 1956 and again at Squaw Valley in 1960. Bad accidents will happen, and for a costly instant on the turn, Grishin lost control of one skate. He still finished in 40.6 sec.—enough to tie a Norwegian and another Russian. Then a stocky apprentice barber from Essexville, Mich., set off in a pair of borrowed skates. Body crooked forward ("sitting down over his skates," experts call it), arms and legs pumping rhythmically, Richard ("Terry") McDermott, 23, slashed through the straightaway, around the turn, and across the finish line in 40.1 sec.—giving the U.S. its first gold medal and an Olympic record to boot.

McDermott's victory was not just surprising; it was incredible. In Russia, sport is not just a leisure-time activity; it is a natural resource like uranium—and hang the cost of mining. A pair of top-quality speed skates costs only \$12 (v. \$75 in the U.S.), and there are 13 speed skating rinks in Moscow alone. Champions like Grishin and Lidia Skoblikova are "amateurs" mainly because there are no professionals in Russia. Grishin is an officer in the Red army, and Skoblikova is a schoolteacher who finds time for some seven hours of practice every day. Even during the off-season, Lidia lifts weights, works out on roller skates, and runs 200-meter sprints—as many as 40 in a single afternoon—all under the watchful eye of a



SKOBLIKOVA & MEDALS



RUSSIANS IN ACTION

A grin, a pat, then crunch, crunch, crunch.



ANTONSON & SNOWBANK



KIDD, COACH BEATTIE & HEUGA
An alibi, then an upset.

coach. Terry McDermott has had practically no instruction at all: the U.S. Olympic coach lives, of all places, in Los Angeles. Winner McDermott's total preparation for the Olympics consisted of three one-hour workouts a week for one month, then a month of two-hour daily drills.

No Mountains. There are some sports the Russians still cannot fathom. They play terrible tennis, they swim like drain plugs—and they are no great shakes at the Alpine events. ("In Russia, where there are people, there are no mountains," explains Lidia Skoblikova, "and where there are mountains, there are no people.") Neither, it looked through most of last week, are Americans. New Jersey's 14-year-old Scotty Allen became the youngest medal winner ever in the Winter Olympics when he placed third in the men's figure skating. But Oregon's ever-smiling Jean Saubert only managed to tie for a silver medal in the women's giant slalom—and France's marvelous Goitschel sisters, Marielle and Christine, took most of the zing out of that by placing first and second, just as they did (only vice versa) in the slalom days before.

With only two days of competition left, the biggest U.S. squad ever to compete in a Winter Olympics had won only four medals, and a team official was saying: "Let's face it, we're not a Winter Olympics nation." The alibi stopped when a pair of 20-year-olds—Vermont's Billy Kidd and California's Jimmy Heuga—placed second and third behind Austria's Pepi Stiegler in the men's slalom. Never before had Americans won any kind of medal in men's skiing; now, all at once, they owned two. U.S. Coach Bob Beattie hugged his heroes happily, and Europeans tried to shake off the shock of "the biggest upset in Olympic skiing history."

The shock of Russia's smashing success would sting lots longer. Mostly, it was the way the Russians went about it: a grin, a pat on the shoulder, then—crunch, crunch, crunch. Rudyard Kipling put it nicely: "The Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt."

GOLF

Money for the Meek

"I guess you all know the fellow on my right," said the TV announcer, and—sure enough—the man with the California tan and the sly smile was Arnold Palmer, 34, the No. 1 money-winner in golf. In nine seasons on the pro tour, Palmer had pocketed \$473,008. But there it was, the final round of the Palm Springs Golf Classic, with \$50,000 up for grabs, and Arnie had finished early, shooting three over par with the rest of the also-rans. Now he was lounging around the 18th green with a microphone in his hand, looking for people to interview. Explained Palmer: "I've been having a little bit of trouble."

Withdrawal Pangs. No golfer can win all the time. But so far this year, Slugger Arnie is batting .000. At the Bing Crosby National, Palmer failed even to survive the cut; last week at Palm Springs, he wound up out of the money for the second time in five tournaments. His burly buddy Jack Nicklaus, who won \$100,040 last year, had only \$1,900 to show for three weeks of work. Both of them had excuses of a sort: Nicklaus was still out of practice from a seven-week fishing vacation in Florida, and Palmer was suffering withdrawal pangs from giving up smoking.

It hardly figures to last. Come fall, golf's fearsome twosome will undoubtedly have fat bankrolls again. But for the moment at least, the meek were inheriting the earth. Paul Harney, 34, who quit the pro tour last year because "my nerves can't take it any more," returned from retirement just long enough to win \$7,500 in the Los Angeles Open. Art Wall, who had not won a tournament since 1960, collected the \$4,000 big money at San Diego. "Champagne Tony" Lema, 29, who hardly qualifies as a hardship case (\$67,112 last year), won the \$5,800 Crosby first prize. But then there was Juan ("Chi Chi") Rodriguez, 28, 120 lbs. of sugar cane from Puerto Rico, who used to play with ladies' clubs. All he did was whomp everybody for \$7,500 in San Francisco's Lucky International. Along the way, Rodriguez belted one drive 290 yds. and announced: "I was playing for position, not for distance."

Unavoidably Detained. Whimsical was the word for Palm Springs. Palmer got the TV job as a substitute for Jimmy Demaret, a 53-year-old grandfather who was unavoidably detained; at that moment, he was out on the golf course, seven under par. Demaret had not won a tournament in seven years; the closest he had come was second in the 1961 P.G.A. Seniors. Jimmy did not win at Palm Springs either—but he stubbornly clung to the lead until Tommy Jacobs beat him with a 9-in. putt in a sudden-death play-off. Jacobs is muscular, nervous and 28. Said Demaret: "I'm awfully glad that Tommy could win it. After all, he's almost through, and I've still got years to go."

How LONG Is Too SHORT?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Rummaging through the attic of an old Kentucky farm house, the new tenants came across two dusty shoe boxes.

One box bore the label "String-saved"; the other, "String-too short to save".

To the conscientious string saver, the recurring question is "How long is too short?" Thus, a judgment is tied to the end of each string.

Likewise, what to save and what to throw away as the mash passes through the still, is of prime concern to us bourbon distillers. What some of us save and others don't, makes all the difference in our whiskies.

Now the simple function of a still, in case you're interested, is to separate the whiskey from the mash. In so doing, certain flavoring agents called congeners may or may not accompany the bourbon, depending on the "set" of the still.

It follows, therefore — the more congeners the more generous the taste.

Inside our old-fashioned pot stills, we save "string" other distillers throw away. This is because our family distillery addresses itself to serving a special coterie of bourbon men who like their whiskey to sit up in the glass!

Unlike certain of today's bland versions with most of their congeners "boiled" away, our Old Fitzgerald comes through the still at a just-right proof to tote the rich bourbon flavors along, then goes on to mature to fragrant mellowness after 6 or more years in new white mountain oak.

If you are one who selects your brand for depth of flavor instead of luck, we invite you to join this inner circle of the Bourbon Elite who have discovered the satisfying goodness of Old Fitzgerald, and find it pleasant to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof



MODEL IN DEMI-BRA
What's in is nearly out.

FASHION

Support for the Needy

Couturiers often seem to regard the bosom as an unsightly bit of female topography that must be bound and bandaged lest it get in the way of style; sometimes, like insanity in the family, the bosom even has been treated as a dark secret. But Christian Dior's Marc Bohan sent a little black dress down the runway at last summer's Paris collections that not only acknowledged the bosom but exposed it almost entirely. American buyers looked at the peep show cautiously, concluded it was a gag, not a trend. They were wrong. Women saw in the new décolletage the surest way to a man's eye and promptly began pulling the dresses off the racks. January's Paris collections took a deep breath and plunged to deep C level. The bosom is not only in; it is just about out.

But the new necklines can't go it alone, and underwear manufacturers were heady with delight. Though the deep-cut bras put on the market last season were few and tentative, months of grappling with the problem have produced a collection of intricately structured and ingeniously conceived designs for the women who come flocking to the stores for support.

Mme. Adrienne's design (\$25) dips waist-deep in both front and back; Formfit's Designer model (\$9) is cut to

accommodate the squared plunge; the Lady Marlene version (\$11) drops only halfway, has vertical boning to shape a neat torso. Custom-made models sell for upwards of \$35. For women of less ample means, Warner lines its demi-bra (\$8) with contoured foam.

And for those who refuse to be harnessed at all, there is the classic movie-and-model dodge of adhesive tape (in Paris, the mannequins used Scotch tape) as well as small push-up forms that are pasted on under the bosom.

THE CITY

"A Little Green Space"

Stretching its wheelbase, spreading its track, strapping its concrete bands across the land, the encroaching automobile inches humanity back and back—shearing off a landmark for a thruway, gobbling up a park for a parking garage, turning field and forest into filling station and shopping center. But pockets of resistance are beginning to develop. The latest turned up last week in that cradle of American resistance—Boston.

The proposal had seemed innocent enough: simply to build some passes under or over Memorial Drive, on the Cambridge side of the Charles River so that traffic could move along at the same quick clip as on the well-underpassed Storrow Drive on the Boston side. In 1962, State Senator Francis X. McCann got a bill through the legislature ordering the Metropolitan District Commission to build the needed underpasses and overpasses.

Chained to Trees. All was calm until last summer, when Cantabrigians noticed some test borings being taken near the sycamores along Memorial Drive. Blood of the minutemen began to stir. The Cambridge Planning Board concluded that \$100,000 worth of electronically controlled traffic signals would serve the same purpose as the \$6,000,000 worth of bypasses. In addition, the extra traffic encouraged by the bypasses would require widening Memori-

al Drive at the expense of the land and trees on the river side of the road—a place especially dear to Cantabrigians for lazy basking.

In a chain reaction, neighborhood groups, civic associations and P.T.A.s began exploding—among them a Citizens' Advisory Committee for Cambridge, including Harvard President Nathan M. Pusey, Radcliffe President Mary I. Bunting, M.I.T. Chairman James R. Killian Jr. Public Relations Wizard Edward L. Bernays became so fired with the cause that he set up an Emergency Committee for the Preservation of Memorial Drive. Said Bernays: "This is a broad action to serve the public interest. The feeling of personal bereavement is terrific. Someone asked: 'Do you think we should chain ourselves to the trees?' There are people going to the hearings with children in their arms—they haven't got a baby sitter, but they go anyway."

Preserving the Amenities. With and without babies, some 400 of them turned up at Boston's Statehouse one morning last week to protest the project before the Committee on Metropolitan Affairs. Every type was heard from—including the executive secretary of The Friends of Nature, who proclaimed the Charles's sycamore trees the most magnificent stand of Oriental plane trees in the U.S. But the biggest hand was for Heart Specialist Paul Dudley White, Dr. White uttered an eloquent plea that Boston "become a brilliant example for the rest of the nation and not just one more maze of speedways to rush people in and out of the city in the current rat race that has infected the country."

Lawyer James Barr Ames of the Citizens' Advisory Committee summed up the situation: "The real story is people rising up to preserve a little green space against the depredation of the automobile. Some state agencies are under so much pressure to develop highways that they find it difficult to remember the parks. We hope this will stiffen them into resisting the automobile, and preserving the amenities."



CAMBRIDGE'S MEMORIAL DRIVE: PRESENT



PROJECTED

Better traffic flow or a bask on the bank?



**Try this
great Brandy Cafe**



**Made with
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There are people alive today whose grandfathers could remember when the United States was a "backward nation"... when we were far behind other nations in population, capital, labor, roads, schools, technology and many other things.

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THE THEATER

Roman Scamp

Rugantino, a musical transported intact from Rome and sung and spoken in Italian, is a pleasant novelty on Broadway. Unobtrusive English titles are flashed on a narrow screen above the stage to keep the playgoer abreast of action and dialogue. More nearly an operetta than a musical comedy, *Rugantino* is lavishly and attractively costumed and atmospherically set in Rome in 1830. Its bawdry is innocent, its humor earthy, its love songs are unself-consciously sentimental.

The show revolves around a picaresque little man hero, Rugantino (Nino Manfredi), who wants to be the King



MANFREDI, VANONI & FABRIZI
I came. I pinched. I conquered.

of I came—I pinched—I conquered—I told male who has always appealed to the Latin imagination as the quintessence of manhood. When he starts his ego-building exercises in the bedroom of Rosetta (Ornella Vanoni), that married lady's husband breaks one of Rugantino's fingers as a hint to keep hands off. Apart from palming off his mistress on an aging lecher (Aldo Fabrizi), most of Rugantino's pranks backfire. He tosses a dead cat into an aristocratic wake, and is forced to eat the cooked carcass in an epicurean setting. His Chaplinesque resilience does not fail him. "Could I have a side order of mice?" he asks. An unexpectedly macabre finale vienes both hero and show.

Coming from a land where the stones sometimes seem to sing, *Rugantino* is musically underprivileged, except for a couple of lilting serenades, *Cinnamella* and *Roma*. By U.S. standards, the dance numbers are unsophisticated, but one carnival scene with masks and harlequins manages to echo *commedia dell'arte*. *Rugantino*'s appeal is that it is smilingly content to woo an audience rather than wow it.



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SCIENCE

SPACE

The Need for Pictures

U.S. space scientists may not be able to explain the last-minute failure of Ranger 6 for weeks—if ever. As the spacecraft hurtled toward the moon's Sea of Tranquility, it sent back a vast amount of data; it reported on its changing internal temperature, its battery voltages, the position of its antennas. But none of the information that Ranger sent back has yet accounted for the failure of its TV cameras. "We're still studying it," said Director William Pickering of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. "I'm trying to leave the boys alone."

Whatever the reason, the failure shook every branch of U.S. space bureaucracy. Detailed information about the moon's surface is desperately needed to guide the design of moon-landing vehicles. "We must have close-up pictures of the moon's surface," said one high space administrator. "We're not going to commit a man to make a flight without this knowledge." Such caution may well force modifications in the rigid time schedule that has been set for putting a man on the moon before 1970.

Blind Landing. There is another faction in the space administration that brooks no delays, that favors sending men to the moon without advance information about its surface. Werner von Braun, head of the Marshall Space Flight Center, thinks that the first lunar-landing vehicle can make its touchdown cautiously, its rocket engine slowing it almost to a halt while the crewmen select a good place to land. If they see their landing gear disappearing into impalpable dust, they can rise, move sideways and try another landing somewhere else.

Few other students of the lunar-landing problem endorse such a tactic. Large parts of the moon may look smooth, even through the biggest telescopes, but this may be for the same reason that a building ten miles away looks to the naked eye as if it had no windows.

One possibility is that the moon may prove to have no smooth places at all. The level plains on the earth are nearly all caused by erosion, a phenomenon that requires an atmosphere and therefore does not exist on the moon. The flat-looking lunar seas may turn out to be thickly covered with steep-sided pits, or with jagged plates of lava like many of the earth's lava flows, or with fragile rock froth unlike anything that exists on earth.

The moon's surface was formed under nonearthly conditions, and it may be different from the earth's surface in ways that the most open-minded scientists cannot imagine. To land on it without having seen close-up pictures



SKETCH OF NEW GENERAL SHERIDAN FIRING SHILLELAGH
Also bombs that see their way to the target.

first would be something less than a prudent space project.

Next Time. While JPL experts are trying to find out what happened to their TV cameras, they can take pride in the rest of Ranger's performance. After completing its complicated mid-course correction without error, it hit the moon within a few miles of the planned target. Its radio transmitter never faltered, and its instruments reported faithfully. In the estimation of many space engineers, this is a greater achievement than sending any number of astronauts on passive trips around the earth. Since the TV cameras are not a notably unreliable part of the spacecraft's equipment, there is a good chance that they will work properly on the next Ranger flight, which is scheduled for March.

WEAPONRY

Razzle-Dazzle in the Arsenal

Pentagon officers were dismayed when President Johnson decided to speak up at a press conference about Redeye, Shillelagh and Walleye—three highly classified non-nuclear U.S. weapons. But despite the doubts, Johnson went ahead, decided to let the reporters in on the secrets, "I think you would like to hear something about this because you can take great pride in it." Then he revealed the newest razzle-dazzle in the U.S. arsenal:

► **REDEYE** is a bazooka-like weapon that blasts out a baseball-bat-sized two-stage missile carrying an infra-red, heat-seeking guidance system. It is able to search out the hot tail pipe of a low-flying jet fighter flashing along at supersonic speeds. Once Redeye "finds" the target, it flies into the exhaust and explodes. Most impressive aspect of Redeye: it weighs only 28 lbs. loaded, can be hauled over the roughest battlefield

terrain and can be fired at strafing jets from the shoulder of a single infantryman. Scheduled for production in a few months, Redeye will be a handy new addition for the Army and the Marine Corps.

► **SHILLELAGH** is a stubby little (about 50 lbs.; 43 in.) missile launched from an armored vehicle—usually a tank. Its microbeam-guidance system is so accurate that Shillelagh can destroy a tank, pillbox or troop concentration several miles away. Giving Shillelagh an added knockdown punch is its launching platform, the new General Sheridan tank-like armored vehicle. This is a speedy battlefield bantamweight (it weighs only 16 tons, compared with 50 tons for most U.S. tanks) that scoots along at 39 m.p.h. on the ground; when necessary it can dive into water and "swim" at 4 m.p.h. More important: the Sheridan is so compact that it can be parachuted to a battle area with its Shillelagh launcher set to fire. Neither vehicle nor missile system is in full production yet, but will be by 1966.

► **WALLEYE** is a non-nuclear, 1,000-lb. glide bomb that is simply dropped from an airplane—just as in World War II. After that the resemblance ends, for Walleye is one of the U.S.'s most sophisticated and accurate weapons. In its warhead it carries a television camera—aimed, of course, at the ground. As Walleye falls, the camera sends a picture of the target area back to a screen in the cockpit. The pilot focuses the target picture on his screen and by remote control locks the Walleye guidance system on the target at the same time. Billed by its designers as the most accurate bomb ever made, Walleye literally sees its way down to its target with the television camera. It is not yet in production, but has repeatedly been tested successfully by the Navy at its China Lake, Calif., range.



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Raphael Revealed

Up on the easel at Sotheby's in London, one day in 1938, was a filthy, yellowed, unframed Italian madonna. John Paul Getty gazed at it. "It looks like a Raphael," the richest man in the world recalls muttering to himself. "I liked it." He bid and got it for a paltry \$112.

Getty kept the painting, uncleaned, in storage for a quarter-century until a year ago, when a restorer at London's Thomas Agnew & Sons began to remove the scummy varnish. Was it Raphael's famous *Madonna di Loreto* of around 1510, known through more than 30 existing copies and through art-history references? X-ray and infra-red photography at London's Courtauld Institute probed its veil of oils, and now the best experts that Agnew can find say cautiously that the work seems to be an authentic Raphael. "The lightning strikes," said Getty. But, he adds, "I wouldn't dream of selling it." It could only fetch him a million or two at the best.

Raphael Rejected

Raphael may be more than ever a name that sets collectors and the art market aquiver, but to a group of British painters who worked a century ago, his work and life span (1483-1520) marked the point where art went wrong. They longed for the "faithfulness" to nature of the Italians who preceded him, and joined together in a Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

This bit of bravado did not seriously damage Raphael's reputation, and the Pre-Raphaelites themselves grew to seem the epitome of Victorianism: sweet as treacle and finicky as a lace antimacassar. Too pretty, too pious and too much concerned with the past, read the 20th century's indictment. Pre-Raphaelite prices sank so low that in 1955, one work, Ford Madox

Brown's *Sardanapalus and Myrrha* (opposite) sold for virtually the cost of its frame: \$70.

Now, a major revival of this minor romantic art cult is under way. Collectors are dusting off what they thought were slips in their purchasing judgment. Prices are beginning to hit \$10,000. And Indianapolis's Herron Museum this week opens a thorough review of the movement whose name clearly states its yearning to turn 400 years back to the quattrocento.

Immortal Inspirers. Actually, the Pre-Raphaelites did not see themselves as holding back the clock. They were rather a band of rebels in a century abristle with dissent. Three young Englishmen founded the movement in 1848, a year of social revolution throughout Europe, eleven years after Constable's death: William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, none over 21 years old.

They organized a brotherhood to do battle with the sham idealism of the Royal Academy's classical "Grand Manner." They wanted to copy nature rather than slicken the surface of the world as they believed artists had done since the High Renaissance. They also hoped to avoid the cheapening effect that the Industrial Revolution was having on honest hand craftsmanship.

To give themselves historic tutors, the brethren drew up a list of 57 "immortals" whose ideals resembled their own. Among them were Jesus Christ, Joan of Arc, Opera Composer Giovanni Bellini, and Coventry Patmore, a minor romantic poet. These models supplied them with literary and moral inspiration. The brotherhood even published a little magazine, *The Germ*, in 1850 "to encourage and enforce an entire adherence to the simplicity of nature."

T.L.C. for Every Blade. From where the Pre-Raphaelites sat, honest-to-God artismanship seemed to have ceased with the end of the Middle Ages when painter and stonemason worked side by side. During the Renaissance, they thought, art had bogged down in formulas, divorced from the community of man, and had become the terrain of academicians for whom Raphael was the exemplar. True sentiment, whether religious or secular, had vanished from art in the eyes of the Pre-Raphaelites, so they turned to a literary, historic past that supplied them with heartfelt admiration for purity and chivalry. Established themes from Shakespeare, the Bible and the Arthurian legends furnished ready references. In oils, the brotherhood tried to evoke the natural pieties that a verse of St. Mark's, a pentameter of Dante's, or a quatrain of Keats's inspired. In short, they were sick of portrait puffery.

Happy slaves to nature, the Pre-Raphaelites painted every blade of grass

with tender loving care. Such devotion led to compulsive extremes. In Hunt's passion for accuracy, he traveled several times to Palestine to catch its religious fever for scenes from the life of Christ. Millais, who painted his *Opheelia* afloat, made the model for it lie in a bathtub for lifelike dampness, while he painstakingly added the greenery leaf by leaf. Ford Madox Brown, sometime teacher of Rossetti, took 13 years to finish one oil. The whole output of the Pre-Raphaelites is relatively small.

Illuminated Damsels. Turning away from the neutral beige ground then commonly used, the Pre-Raphaelites prepared their canvas with white lead and varnish, painting while it was still wet. The result was brighter colors than were thought tasteful in the mid-19th century. Their hidden brushstrokes built up surface details more like medieval illuminations than bravura oils. Their posing was self-conscious, but they believed it appropriate. Rossetti, a better poet than painter, described his damsels' turrety necks as "round, reared necks, meet columns of Love's shrine."

From the start, the Pre-Raphaelites were a volatile, youthful lot. It was hardly unexpected that their brotherhood broke up less than 15 years after they formed it. Only William Holman Hunt was bitter about the brotherhood's end. Millais brushed it off as a youthful fancy, eventually became president of the Royal Academy, earned £30,000 a year and a baronetcy for his fashionable portraiture. Burne-Jones also got a title, doing Tennysonian tapestries of never-never land subjects in colors that inspired the Gilbert and Sullivan phrase "greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery." Brown gave up the dreamy past to picture the working classes as the center of England's new society. And Rossetti, who became a drug addict after his model-wife died, abandoned fidelity to nature for a mystical symbolism.

At the Wall. The Pre-Raphaelites did sense one vital problem: the separation of the artist from society. They sought to reintegrate painting with the decorative arts. They wanted new medieval guilds to combat machine-made bric-a-brac that was flooding the consumer market with bad design in the mid-1850s. One do-it-yourselfers attempt was made when Oxford University buildings were under construction in the late 1850s. Rossetti and Burne-Jones hacked away along with the stonemasons, trying to re-create the unified effect of Gothic craftsmen. It was a failure: Rossetti's mural, for example, began to fade within six months. They just did not know enough about what they professed to love. But now, by the lucky hindsight that restores vision, the Pre-Raphaelites seem revolutionaries of their time, eager to better man's artistic experience in a world growing less and less human by virtue of the machine.

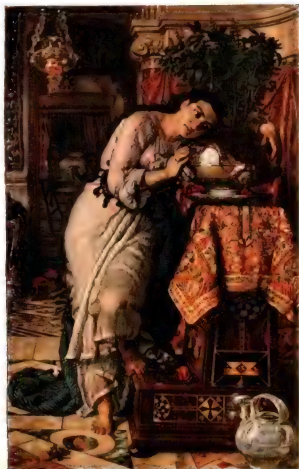
CIRCA 1860: THE PRE-RAPHAELITES



COLLECTION DARTS 00072

FORD MADOX BROWN
Sardanapalus and Myrrha

A poem by Byron inspired the artist to paint Ionian slave girl soon to die upon the pyre of her Assyrian king.



BAN,ROSE COLLECTION, WILMINGTON SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, DEARBORN



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
John of Arc

As the leader of the Pre-Raphaelites' guildlike "brotherhood," Rossetti loved things medieval.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT
Isabella and the Pot of Basil

Scene depicts passage in Keats's poem detailing the macabre acts of a Florentine girl who packs away her beloved's severed head in herbs.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

Portia

Pre-Raphaelites often turned to Shakespeare: Millais' portrait drawn from *The Merchant of Venice* betrays his ageless academicism.



SIR EDWARD COLEY BURNE-JONES
St. George

Rossetti's pupil, Jones loved medieval themes; contemporary French impressionists were unsure which was worse, his style or themes.

ARTHUR HUGHES

Ophelia

Latecomer to the movement, Hughes took another favorite Shakespearean heroine down a flowery path in his first Pre-Raphaelite painting.



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

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THE LAW

TRIALS

Cured by a Verdict?

The ten-ton truck that rammed into the back of a soft-drink delivery truck in a Detroit suburb two years ago did far more than shatter a load of bottles; it made legal history. When he heard liquid dripping from the broken bottles, said Jack Newby, driver of the soft-drink truck, he was seized with a terrible fear that his gasoline tanks had ruptured. The dripping recalled a wreck he had witnessed years before, when he watched two people burn to death in a fire fed by gasoline. As a result of his fright in the cab of his truck, Newby sank into a fearful, suspicious, irritable state that psychiatrists recognized as psychotic. Claiming that he was unable to work, he sued the other trucking company for \$300,000.

Last week a Pontiac, Mich., jury awarded Newby \$150,000. According to his lawyers, it was the biggest award ever for emotional injury not accompanied by severe physical injury.

Impact. The law has long recognized claims for emotional disturbances resulting from physical injury, even though there was no demonstrable link between the physical and mental harm. Newby claimed a whiplash injury, and although the connection between his aching neck and his psychosis was exceedingly faint, his case came within the old rule of negligence law, which allowed recovery for emotional injury only if there had been some physical impact.

Judges in negligence cases used to be wary of claims of psychiatric disorders caused by fear alone. In a classic decision in 1896, the New York Court of Appeals held that a woman who was frightened by a recklessly driven team of horses and later suffered a miscarriage could not recover damages—the horses came close, but did not actually touch her. If mere fright became a basis for negligence suits, said the court, "a wide field would be opened for fictitious or speculative claims." Most other state courts agreed.

Avareice. But changing attitudes toward psychiatry have resulted in changing doctrines in the courts. In a case that became a legal milestone, a ski-lift attendant failed to fasten the safety belt of a nine-year-old girl; she became hysterically frightened and displayed severe emotional symptoms. Explicitly overruling its earlier approach to "mere fright," the New York Court of Appeals in 1961 upheld an award for damages although the girl had suffered no physical harm whatever.

Such growing leniency of the courts in their consideration of mental injuries is reflected in the lawyer's gag that defines emotional trauma as "a state of mind precipitated by an accident, stimulated by an attorney, perpetuated by avareice and cured by a verdict."

CONTRACTS

Staying Out of Court

As every businessman knows, litigation of commercial quarrels can be agonizingly slow and annoyingly expensive. In many U.S. cities it takes months or years to bring a suit to trial; beyond that lie the delays of appeal. Meanwhile, costs pile up and claims remain unpaid. There is many a program for speeding

litigation resolved within a few days or even a few hours. The resulting savings in legal costs often more than cover the A.A.A.'s modest fees, which are based on the amount of money in question: the fee in a \$1,000,000 case would come to only \$1,725.

Arbitration offers the further advantage of privacy. Charges aired in a courtroom can damage a firm's reputation even when it is ultimately found to be blameless. In arbitration, even the loser's good name is safeguarded; hearings are closed to the public and



ARBITRATORS EXAMINING RAT-CHEWED STRAW
Even the loser saves money.

up justice but reform, too, moves slowly, if at all.

Faced with delay and frustration in the courts, more and more U.S. firms are using arbitration as a means of resolving disputes. Even for the loser, it saves time and money.

Ready for Sponges. Principal agency for commercial arbitration in the U.S. is the nonprofit American Arbitration Association, founded in New York in 1926 with an imposing list of sponsors, including two future Chief Justices of the U.S., Charles Evans Hughes and Harlan Stone. With branch offices in 18 cities, the A.A.A. last year arbitrated nearly 1,000 commercial disputes. Several industries, including textiles, printing, rubber and shipping, maintain their own arbitration systems.

When a dispute is brought before the A.A.A., three arbitrators listen to both sides, study the evidence and pronounce judgment. If the evidence cannot be brought into the hearing room, the arbitrators go out to examine it on the spot. One panel spent hours in a warehouse poking through bundles of broom straw that the purchaser claimed had been ruined by rats.

The whole arbitration process often takes only a few weeks. Where speed is urgent, the Arbitration Association can arrange a quick hearing and get a con-

awards are kept secret. As some lawyers see it, the greatest merit of arbitration in business disputes is that experts decide the outcome. In a dispute over faulty workmanship in houses, for example, the A.A.A. panel consisted of an architect, a building-materials manufacturer, and an insurance executive specializing in housing matters. To make sure it has the right experts to rule on any imaginable controversy, the A.A.A. maintains a list of 13,000 available arbitrators with special knowledge in 700 separate fields, from antiques to sponge gatering to nuclear physics.

Whatever area of business they represent, A.A.A. men are practicing amateurs when it comes to settling commercial arguments. Their pay usually amounts to just enough to cover out-of-pocket expenses. Most of them are retired or well-enough established so that they do not have to go to the office every day. They serve as arbitrators for prestige or simply because they like the work.

Forward Shove. For the winner, arbitration has the added beauty of being final in the great majority of cases. The A.A.A. takes on a case only if both sides agree in advance to abide by the arbitrators' decision. Even without such agreements, arbitration rulings are enforceable under law, and they are much

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harder to overturn than court decisions—an aspect that troubles some lawyers. In all but a few states, courts follow a doctrine laid down by the New York State Court of Appeals back in 1902: "The award of an arbitrator cannot be set aside for mere errors of judgment, either as to the law or as to the facts. If he keeps within his jurisdiction and is not guilty of fraud, corruption or other misconduct affecting his award, it is unassailable."

While commercial arbitration is growing fast, it is not nearly as widespread as labor arbitration, which got a great shove forward during World War II, when the U.S. Government required compulsory arbitration of labor-management disputes. Today more than 90% of all labor contracts contain clauses calling for arbitration of conflicts over interpretation.

Labor arbitration differs from its commercial counterpart in that a lone arbitrator, rather than a three-member panel, sits in judgment, and he gets paid for his work—a minimum fee of \$100 a day.

STATUTES

The State Pays for Welfare

Under the laws of California and most other states, close relatives of a person confined in a state mental institution may be held responsible for part of the hospital expenses—provided they can afford to pay. But last week the status of all such laws was put in doubt.

An elderly woman had been committed to a state institution for mental incompetence. Her only close relative, a daughter, died in 1960, leaving a small estate to a niece. When the state claimed part of the estate to cover the costs of taking care of the old lady, the niece refused to pay. She fought the state's claim all the way to the California Supreme Court.

Any law holding relatives responsible for costs, said the court, discriminates against those financially capable of paying and violates the equal-protection guarantee of the 14th Amendment. "The mere presence of wealth or lack thereof in an individual citizen cannot be the basis for valid class discrimination." Under the modern conception of governmental responsibilities, the court continued, care of the mentally ill has come to be regarded as one of the "public welfare programs to which all citizens are contributing through presumptively duly apportioned taxes."

For stunned state officials, the decision raised the troubling prospect that persons now maintaining mentally ill relatives in private hospitals or at home may try to have them committed to already overburdened state institutions. "This decision," complained California's Deputy Attorney General John C. Porter, "means they won't have to pay. It is a complete reversal of what we thought was law."

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A voice that comes through—even at whisper quiet—with every bit of fidelity it is possible to record on film. It's a transistorized voice, backed by a sound-cleansing, silicon-solar cell system which eliminates pops, crackles, and hiss. Plus a big 1 1/2-inch speaker which reproduces clearly all the sound your film has on it.

The picture? Bright, yes, but more than that. This picture is *uniformly* bright from edge to edge, so that eyes looking at the picture are as comfortable as they might be looking at a real-life scene.

Sight and sound as close to lifelike as you can get— isn't that the best kind for training purposes?

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Minutes in a prospect's office are so expensive, and his memory is so short. Even so, the best salesman you know can't avoid some waste. He can't be forever enthusiastic, or always completely dramatic and compelling, never leaving out a selling point, never fumbling, always using perfect psychology . . . and diction.

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The one 16mm projector with the transistorized sound system that will probably never need fixing for the life of the machine, so you shouldn't have to worry about such things when it comes time for a sales presentation. That projector is the KODAK PAGEANT Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR. And it qualifies for selling for a lot of other reasons, all of which have to do with *never* embarrassing a salesman, and keeping his presentation smooth.

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By CHARLES STEWART MOTT
*Engineer, Manufacturer, Philanthropist
and Director, General Motors Corp.*

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"Consider state and federal estate taxes, college for your children, living expenses for your wife, business obligations, personal loans, or a mortgage...all of these needs can be handled ideally

with policies of permanent life insurance.

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The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



MUSIC

COMPOSERS

Far-Out at the Philharmonic

Was it the Tik-Tok Man of Oz? Was it a windup Leonard Bernstein? Whatever it was, a machine conducted the New York Philharmonic last week in a performance of John Cage's *Atlas Eclipticis with Winter Music* (Electronic Version). And considering what it was conducting, it probably did every bit as well as any human conductor could.

Cage's mechanical maestro had a diamond-shaped head perched on a 6-ft. pedestal, with a single arm rigged to make one complete revolution in eight minutes, the duration of the piece. It was the crowning gimmick of what had

too much for the Philharmonic, which attempted only the first two movements (*Not Too Slow and Charged*). The symphony rapidly disintegrated into fragments of non-melody and non-rhythm. Long passages sounded like a busy Saturday morning at a conservatory practice hall, with all the studio doors open. The final result was a kind of carefully organized chaos.

Ragtime & Skooby-Dooby-Do. One of the evenings came alive to the sound of jazz, of a sort. Aaron Copland (63) performed his 37-year-old *Piano Concerto*; it showed, among other things, where Gershwin got some of his later inspiration. The music that earned Copland cries of "Ogre!" when he first played it

SEN VASIV



MECHANICAL CONDUCTOR (RIGHT) IN ACTION
At the halfway point, a strike in a bowling alley.

once seemed like an intriguing idea: a Philharmonic avant-garde festival.

Whaps & Skeletons. The opening program, last month, was a shocker: lulled by Beethoven's *Second Symphony*, the audience was suddenly jolted by the whapping of wood blocks and the toneless horn-blowing of Yannis Xenakis' *Pithoprakta*. The Greek composer's work was so radical that this first U.S. performance sounded something like skeletons dancing in a wind tunnel. The audience found Bernstein's comments condescending. "A lot of mathematical formulas which I cannot follow," he said of the composition.

In a later program, Stefan Wolpe's *First Symphony* was equally iconoclastic and prefaced by an even airier speech. Wolpe had written it in 1956, had never been able to get an orchestra to tackle what Bernstein called this "unperformable work." Finally, after Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg—a mathematician as well as a conductor—agreed to take the podium, it went into rehearsal. It was still

with the Boston Symphony in 1927, seemed slightly comic today, a parody of all the ragtime and razzmatazz that were its musical contemporaries.

On the same program was a sample of modern jazz, Larry Austin's *Improvisations for Orchestra and Jazz Soloists*, in which trumpeter Don Ellis, Drummer Joe Cocuzza and Bassist Barre Phillips took off on some flights of fancy that had their opposite numbers among the Philharmonic deskmen slack-jawed. Ellis hit licks on the music stand with the mouthpiece of his trumpet; Phillips performed tricks of bowing that Juilliard never taught. It was loud, and toward the end, it was every-man-for-himself. But it was also great fun for the performers and audience alike.

Another concert featured Edgard Varèse's *Deserts*, written in 1954. It shows its age today but in a strangely prophetic way: the synthesis of electronic-tape sounds and live music is now the rage among young avant-garde composers. By alternately contrasting

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PAGE FROM CAGE SCORE
The violinists agreed.

the outer-space grunts and chitterings of his tapes with the conventional tones of live orchestra passages. Varèse achieves an organized whole.

Bangs & Gurgles. At last week's windup, after a highly caloric helping of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*, Bernstein came onstage and said: "My dear friends, this week we are presenting the last group of avant-garde works" (*loud applause*). "Tonight is going to be the most avant-garde" (*groans*).

The opener was a short work composed by an English electronic computer named Pegasus. Soon came Cage, with 77-piece orchestra, each instrument bugged with a contact mike connected to a bank of amplifiers. Cage and an assistant took their places at the controls. David Tudor was seated at the piano, the mechanical conductor was helped to the podium. Suddenly all hell broke loose. Speakers around the hall blasted the output of various instruments at random, and a thunder sheet rumbled onstage. Some listeners dashed for shelter. At the one-quarter point, Pianist Tudor leaned his elbows on the keyboard with a great bang. At the halfway mark, the sound of a strike in a bowling alley echoed through the auditorium and more people got up to leave. Everything ended in eight minutes, on schedule, with a blast of horns and a salvo of boos and hisses from the audience. Several violinists nodded in agreement. After that, Morton Feldman's . . . *Out of "Last Pieces"* was pure anticlimax, a tinkly thing with harp plucks and oboe gurgles, like noodle soup going down a drain.

Those who stayed to hear Earle Brown's *Available Forms II for Orchestra Four Hands* were treated to a duel between two orchestras led by two (live) conductors. It ended with most of the musicians, most of the audience, and Leonard Bernstein himself laughing. Perhaps to keep from crying.

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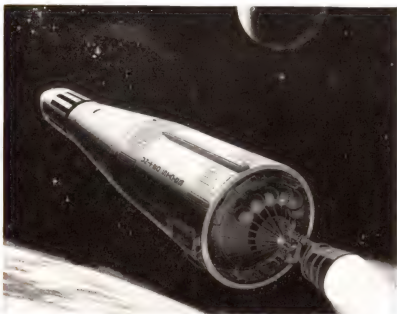
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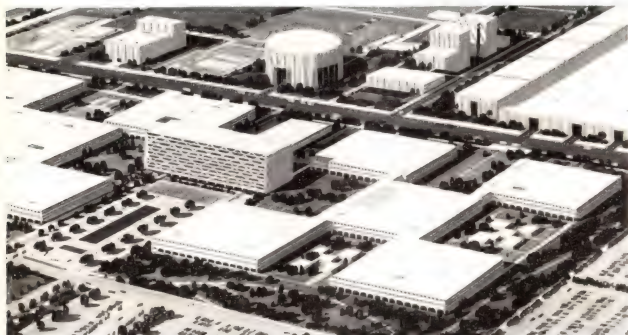


MORE BOOST FOR DELTA, world's most reliable space vehicle, is being achieved for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration by utilizing the Air Force Douglas Improved THOR as first stage. Douglas is developing the thrust-augmented *Delta* (FAD) for NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center. NASA will continue use of the standard Douglas *Delta*.



TO STUDY SPACE FROM UP THERE, NASA has assigned studies of advanced planning for a six man orbiting space laboratory to Douglas. It could be boosted into orbit by *Saturn* sometime in the '70s. Crewmen, supplies and

equipment would be ferried to and from it in *Gemini* capsules. Advantages to be gained from the space laboratory are enormous in such varied fields as weather prediction, medicine, bacteriology, astronomy and many others.



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U.S. BUSINESS

BANKING

Fight over the Federal Reserve

In a Washington hearing last week, the chairman of the House Banking Committee stared at one of the nation's top managers of money. Grumbled Texas Representative Wright Patman: "You can absolutely veto everything the President does. You have the power to veto what the Congress does, and the fact is that you have done it. You are going too far."

The object of Patman's wrath was

William McChesney Martin Jr.—who occupies what Patman somewhat extravagantly calls "the most powerful job in the civilized world"—successfully campaigned for a slight squeezing of credit and rise in interest rates. But his colleagues are sharply divided on the issue, and the Federal Reserve is being pelted with criticism from several sides.

Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, Presidential Economist Walter Heller and M.I.T. Economist Paul Samuelson lately have taken up the argument that Martin and his colleagues unwisely

reforms. But he champions its freedom to make unpopular decisions, and argues that its unique strength has been in keeping control of the money supply out of the hands of politicians. He fears that Congress would be tempted to tamper with policy if it had power over the system's purse, and that the Treasury Secretary would be subject to a conflict of interest if he also headed the Federal Reserve. Says Martin: "The question is whether the principal officer in charge of paying the Government's bills should be entrusted



THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD*

Like trying to paste a custard pie on a wall.

ascetic-looking Alfred Hayes, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and a ranking member of the U.S.'s powerful central banking system. For three decades, Wright Patman has fumed and fussed that the Federal Reserve System is too secretive, too independent, too insensitive to the hopes of small borrowers. A sharecropper's son, he often charges that it is a tool of Wall Street bankers.

Immediately after moving up to the chairmanship of the Banking Committee last year, Patman started preparing what has become one of the farthest-reaching investigations in the Federal Reserve's 50-year history. Patman has a team of economists and consultants studying the system with a critical eye, intends to call twelve top non-Government economists to the stand by month's end, and is pressing for new legislation to curb the central bank.

Expansion or Stability? The controversy comes at a pivotal time. Calmer critics than Patman accuse the Federal Reserve of starting, or at least contributing to, the recessions of 1958 and 1960 by hiking interest rates and reducing the credit supply in its zeal to head off inflation. Now that some prices are rising anew, the central bankers again must ponder the question of whether to battle inflation at the risk of nipping the economy's three-year-old expansion. In recent months Chairman

tightened money before the last recession. Attacking the system's penchant for secrecy, such Democrats as Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire complain that trying to find out why and how the Federal Reserve makes its decisions is like "trying to paste a custard pie on a wall." To make the Federal Reserve more dependent upon the President and upon Congress' easy-money advocates, Patman is sponsoring bills that would:

- End its authority to set its own budget (currently \$180 million a year) and oblige it to come to Congress for an annual appropriation.
- Empower the General Accounting Office to audit its books.
- Expand its board of governors from seven to twelve, with the chairman to be the Secretary of the Treasury.
- Eliminate its credit-regulating Open Market Committee and transfer the committee's powers to the expanded board. At least four members of this board would be new presidential appointees, and they presumably would be amenable to the wishes of Congress and the President.

What Will Johnson Do? Chairman Martin admits that the Reserve has made mistakes and could stand some

also with the power to create the money to pay them."

Many businessmen and bankers, who consider Martin the very symbol of sound money, will lobby against attempts to rob him of authority or to pack the board. But Patman senses a widespread feeling that the whole Federal Reserve needs an overhaul, and he is confident of bucking through at least a few of his proposals. Much will depend upon whether his fellow Texan in the White House decides to press hard for the changes. Lyndon Johnson shares Patman's Populist dislike of tight credit, and is not as close to Bill Martin as John Kennedy was. The tip-off as to where he stands in the fight may come when he selects a man to fill a current vacancy on the Federal Reserve Board. The President's decision is long overdue, and so far he has not told even Bill Martin what kind of a man he will pick.



WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS

TOBACCO

Symptoms of Slump

Latest symptoms of the effect the Surgeon General's report is having on the health of the tobacco industry:

- Top tobacco distributors across the nation estimate that they sold 8% to 10% less last month than in January 1963—a possible retail sales loss of about \$45 million. Cigarette tax receipts fell 2% in Arizona, 6% in Loui-

* Left to right: James L. Robertson, C. Canby Balderston, Charles N. Shepardson, Chairman Martin, George W. Mitchell, Abbot Low Mills Jr., J. Dewey Duane.

siana, 12% in Alabama, 14% in Illinois. Connecticut reported a 12% decline in sales, which cost the state \$246,000 in expected taxes.

► In Louisville, Brown & Williamson (Viceroy) and P. Lorillard (Kent) went on four-day weeks, and Philip Morris trimmed to a three-day week. R. J. Reynolds (Camel, Winston, Salem) has been on a four-day week for a month. Though cigarette sales usually slump just after Christmas, Reynolds admitted that the current drop in cigarette demand is "more than normal."

In spite of all this, the U.S. Treasury expects sales to rebound after several months. The Commerce Department also figures that the number of smokers who quit or cut down will be offset by the youngsters who take up the habit.

would be shut down at week's end until early March to change over to production of Ford's Mustang (TIME, June 14), scheduled to go on sale in mid-April. Available as hardtop or convertible, the Mustang is aimed at those who like the sports-car look but cannot afford Thunderbirds or Rivas; it seats four, will sell for less than \$2,500 for the six-cylinder version.

Not about to be left in the turn, Chrysler has a crash program to bring out its four-seater Barracuda by the time the Mustang is introduced. Priced to match the Mustang, the Barracuda uses a Valiant chassis and engine, but has a racy new Italianate body. At week's end American Motors introduced its new experimental sports car, called the Tarpon. It is the forerunner

in Ford wagons (three forward-facing seats) to G.M.'s arrangement (two forward and one rear-facing seat). G.M. brass ordered Buick designers to match Ford's design. Ford was able to place its third seat over the rear axle and still leave headroom because it uses low-slung leaf springs. But all G.M. autos use space-consuming coil springs on the rear axle and, to make things even more difficult, G.M. insisted on a fully upholstered rear seat. To provide the necessary headroom, Buick tried raising the roof, but that made the car appear top-heavy. The next step was to raise the roof over only the second and third seats. This was better, but still not quite right. Then, inspiration! How about glassing in part of the raised roof section for a lighter and airier effect? Thus was the vista dome born.

J. EDWARD RAYCE



BUICK SKYLARK



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Lest the customers become jaded.

AUTOS

Midyear Models

With two consecutive 7,000,000-car years behind it, the auto industry last week served notice that it expects and will try hard for a third. January production figures set an alltime record of 743,776 passenger cars, some 56,000 more than last January, and most auto divisions reported continuing record sales. But Detroit does not intend to rest on its records; it wants to make certain that the appetite of the U.S. consumer does not become jaded before the introduction of the drastically restyled 1965 models next fall. Last week all four U.S. automakers made new-model news.

Roomy & Racy. The most intriguing news was made by a new type of U.S. sports car that is inexpensive, roomy and racy. Confirming what everyone had expected, Ford Division Boss Lee Iacocca announced that Ford's River Rouge assembly plant in Dearborn

of a fastback four-seater that the company plans to introduce during the '65 model year. Designed more for comfort than for high performance, the new U.S. sports cars have heavier, larger bodies than their trimmer European counterparts.

Accidental Inspiration. Detroit's most different auto was presented last week by General Motors, which so far has announced no plans for its own sports car. In the first major station-wagon styling change in twelve years, G.M. introduced new Buick and Oldsmobile models with novel roof lines that look as if the wagon had been crossbred with a Greyhound Scenicruiser. G.M. engineers raised the rear two-thirds of the wagon roof by four inches, installed long narrow windows in the front and on the sides.

The vista dome is the byproduct of a search for something else. Three years ago, after surveys showed that auto buyers preferred the seating arrangement

INDUSTRY

Rescue for Rayon

Rayon was the first of all the synthetic fibers, but its sales slipped badly as nylon and other new synthetics came on the scene; when Du Pont closed down the last of its rayon-producing plants last year, it seemed that rayon's day was finally over. But, with surprising fortitude, rayon has refused to be pushed into oblivion; it has survived as the largest selling artificial fiber in the U.S., and now accounts for more than a third of the volume of the \$1.9 billion synthetic business. After slumping for five years, rayon sales have jumped 20% in the last two.

The main reason for the rescue is a new kind of rayon developed by the industry. It is made just like the old fiber—by squeezing wood pulp through a device that looks like a shower head to form filaments—but its molecular structure has been changed through the use of new chemicals in the manufacturing process. Whereas the old rayon shrank in the rain and often broke up in the family washing machine, the new fiber is stronger and shrinkproof, while retaining the absorbent qualities of the old fiber. Nowadays it is usually blended with a cheap grade of cotton to produce such items as bed sheets that feel like percale and towels that can be dyed brilliantly and absorb more water than cotton. Because of Government supports that peg the cheapest cotton at 32½¢ per lb., rayon enjoys a substantial price advantage, is the cheapest fiber available.

One big threat to rayon is the slow gain of nylon in auto tires, which account for a fourth of rayon's market. The automakers all use rayon in their tires because nylon tires thump after standing for a period, leading drivers to believe that something is wrong with the car when they start rolling. But the nylon industry is trying to work out the thump, and the eight U.S. rayon makers (biggest: American Viscose) do not expect to hold off nylon cord forever.



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No matter where you want to go in Europe, you can take advantage of Pan Am's new reduced fares. First-class reduced 21%. Basic Jet economy reduced 20%. And 14-21 day (shown above) reduced 14%. All fares are available year 'round, with certain exceptions during peak travel periods. They go into effect April 1, subject to Government approval.

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POWER

One Worth Waiting For

"Decisions on great projects," said Board Chairman Kinsey M. Robinson of the Pacific Northwest Power Co., "are a long time in the making." Take it from one who knows.

For nine years, Robinson and Pacific Northwest, a consortium of four private power firms, have been seeking approval to build a \$257 million, 670-ft.-high dam at Mountain Sheep in the middle reaches of the Snake River astride the Oregon-Idaho border. Competing with Pacific Northwest was the Washington Public Power Supply System, a group of 16 public utilities, which offered to build a comparable dam at Mountain Sheep or an even bigger one (800 ft. high and costing \$369 million) farther north at Nez Perce. And bucking both was Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, who wanted the Federal Government to do the job itself at Mountain Sheep.

Last week, by a 3-2 decision, the Federal Power Commission finally gave the nod to Pacific Northwest. Robinson was jubilant. It was, he de-

clared, "a great victory for multiple-purpose resource development by private capital."

Actually, it was not that clear-cut a victory. Though the case was the biggest public- v. private-power dispute since the private Idaho Power Co. won the right to build three dams on the Hell's Canyon stretch of the Snake River ten years ago, there were complicating factors, as the FPC, painstakingly pointed out in its three-part decision.

First, the commission ruled out Nez Perce because it would have killed more migrating Chinook salmon and steelhead fish than the High Mountain Sheep Dam. Some 200,000 fishermen and conservationists in the Northwest are already alarmed at the toll that such great dams in the Columbia River Basin as Bonneville and Grand Coulee are exacting on the \$12 million-a-year salmon business. Second, the five Kennedy-appointed commissioners unanimously knocked down the Government's dam-building bid on the grounds that Pacific Northwest could do everything the Government proposed to do, and faster. And finally, in the key 3-2 decision, the commission said that Pacific Northwest had priority to develop the High Mountain Sheep Dam by virtue of a preliminary permit it was granted in 1955.

Ultimately, the High Mountain Sheep Dam will minimize flooding along the Snake and will generate 2,000,000 kw. in a booming region whose power needs are growing by 15% a year. Washington public power spokesmen, plainly miffed, claimed that their huge Nez Perce project would generate 3,200,000 kw., and would tame the flood-prone Salmon River as well as the Snake. With 30 days to appeal for a rehearing, they said that the decision would not be left "unchallenged."

AVIATION

Aid from Rivals

France and Britain are already far along in their \$500 million program to develop their own supersonic airliner, the needle-nosed Concorde. Last week, in a surprise turnabout, the British and French state-owned airlines—BOAC and Air France—placed six orders apiece for the rival U.S. supersonic transport. Though the exact design of the American SST has not yet been determined, the plane will definitely be bigger and faster, and will have a longer range than the Mach 2.2 Concorde. The British-French move not only gave a heartening boost to the U.S. project but stirred new doubts about the future of the Concorde. The British government has already begun to grouse about its development costs, and BOAC and Air France have been worried that the Concorde may not be efficient enough to compete with the U.S. supersonics on the key North Atlantic run. Score to date: 64 orders for the American SST v. 37 for the Concorde.



PERSONALITIES

ALONG with the other paraphernalia on his round marble-top executive desk, Union Carbide President Birny Mason Jr., 54, keeps both a crystal ball and a slide rule. The crystal ball, a gift from Predecessor Morse G. Dial, is a conversation piece. The slide rule helps onetime Research Engineer Mason keep track of finances in the nation's second largest chemical firm, which last week announced earnings of \$160 million on 1963 sales of \$1.67 billion. Another figure that enters into Mason's current calculations is \$200 million—the amount that Union Carbide intends to borrow from insurance companies over the next two years to finance capital improvements. To determine how the funds will be spent, Mason last year put aside his paper work, traveled 40,000 miles to inspect some of Carbide's plants in 26 countries; this year, so far, he has made a tour of India to scrutinize operations there. As improvements are completed, Mason intends to make Carbide more and more a marketer of profitable consumer products rather than just a vast supplier to industrial customers.

DAVID GREEN

BIRNY MASON JR.



THOMAS E. DEVENY



RUPERT C. THOMPSON JR.

AN old axiom was one reason that lean, lively Rupert C. Thompson Jr., 58, accepted an invitation seven years ago to succeed Royal Little as head of Rhode Island's vast Textron Inc. Whenever bankers run a company, so went the axiom, the company goes to pot; Thompson, who had spent 28 years in New England banking, wanted to prove that it isn't so. As chairman, he completed Textron's move out of low-profit textiles and into broadly diversified manufacturing. Last week, grown to 26 divisions that produce everything from eyeglasses and iron cookware to rocket engines and rolling mills, Textron added a 27th by buying for \$7,000,000 a small Vermont toolmaking firm called Jones & Lamson. Management meetings are brief at Textron because the chairman dislikes rambling conversation, sets a wristwatch alarm to make sure that he does not ramble himself. Shattering the old axiom, Textron, under Banker Thompson, last year earned \$18 million on sales of \$587 million, is now New England's second biggest company after United Aircraft.

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WESTERN EUROPE

The Medieval Capital Markets

The West's economies are kept rolling along by money from millions of individual investors, and in the postwar years most of it has come from the U.S.—a big factor in the drain of gold from American coffers. Europe, despite its boom, has failed to generate enough investment capital to meet even its own needs, let alone to play its long-overdue role in world financing.

U.S. Treasury officials have urged European governments for months to enact reforms that would make it easier to raise capital in their financial centers, but genuine progress has been negligible. Last week Washington finally took an unusual step to prod the Europeans. The Treasury issued a book-size document that draws highly critical comparisons between Europe's creaking, suspicious and medieval bond and stock markets and the wide-open, well-heeled U.S. markets. Europe's capital markets, said Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, "are not as efficient and as effective as they might be, and as they will need to be, to play the role in the financing of European economic growth of which they are potentially capable."

The Troubles. That was something of an understatement. The troubles of Europe's capital markets are many—government meddling, restrictive taxes on new securities, overcharges for handling stock issues, heavy interest rates

on bonds, a clubby atmosphere among bankers, and an extreme financial secrecy among corporations that keeps the wary public from investing. Only the British, Swiss and Dutch financial centers operate with any degree of freedom. France permitted no foreign security issues until late last year. A German tax on foreign bond sales makes costs almost prohibitive, even though Germany attracts so much foreign investment capital that last week it moved to curb the inflow.

To grow at all, many European firms are forced to take out expensive and sometimes risky short-term loans, to try to finance growth out of dwindling profit margins and to offer rights at bargain-basement prices just to make their stock attractive. But more often they turn to U.S. investors. The tide of their U.S. borrowings ran so high in the first half of last year that President Kennedy shocked Europe and Wall Street by proposing an "interest equalization tax" on foreign stocks and bonds floated in the U.S. by 22 leading industrial nations; the tax would have the effect of raising interest rates by a crucial 1%. The bill has yet to pass Congress, but it has caused such uncertainty that foreign bond sales from the countries affected have just about evaporated. Wall Street bankers have chased customers in vain; last week they lost a \$15 million bond issue from The City of Oslo to London bankers. One result: foreign dollar bond sales in European markets rose from \$10 million in the whole year before the tax proposal to nearly \$100 million in the half year afterward.

The Solution. Some Wall Streeters argue that the tax, which is expected to pass by spring, will seriously weaken New York's carefully cultivated role as

the leading international money market. Other bankers in the U.S. and Europe disagree, believing that borrowers will have to come back despite the higher rates simply because there is not enough ready capital in Europe to satisfy world demand. Probably no U.S. action—other than the unthinkable step of ending the nation's free capital market tradition by closing out foreigners altogether—can stem the outflow of investment capital from the U.S. The solution lies in Europe's meeting the new financial responsibilities its prosperity has forced upon it.

FRANCE

Gored Bull

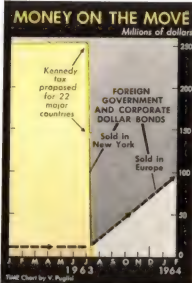
Though it took its ungallant name from a Norwegian engineer, Compagnie des Machines Bull is as French as *la gloire* and *potatoes frites*. The French fairly burst with pride when, using scientific skill and superb marketing, Machines Bull in the last decade briefly challenged giant IBM with its excellent small and efficient computers. Today Machines Bull is slipping toward bankruptcy—but pride has not been lost. Last week the French government blocked an offer by General Electric to buy up 20% of Machines Bull stock for a reported \$40 million. Saving the company, said Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, would require "a purely French solution."

Overly Ambitious. Machines Bull fell on hard times essentially because it used 19th century management methods to turn out 20th century products. The company's *crème de la crème* engineers seized eagerly on technological advances (such as faster-access magnetic memory drums and germanium diodes to replace standard tubes). Machines Bull's CMC7 system of magnetically coded bank checks was declared superior to a competing U.S. code and got the approval of European banks. The company's sales increased from \$7,000,000 in 1952 to \$69 million in 1962, and Machines Bull exported to 40 countries.

But President Joseph Callies and his staff were not prepared for the high cost and complexities of computer making. In an overly ambitious decision, Machines Bull jumped from making small units directly to producing the Gamma 60, a costly (\$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000) marvel that can calculate missile trajectories and turn out a 300,000-man payroll simultaneously. To compete in the intermediate-computer range, Machines Bull distributed RCA models with scant profit. With 80% of its output rented instead of sold, the company gradually discovered that it was not receiving income enough to amortize its nine plants. Machines Bull stepped up its borrowing, cut back on



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research, and chopped prices. The downward spiral had begun.

No Suits. In a desperate effort to stop the spiral, bankers moved to direct a financial reorganization, and the government sent an engineer into the director general's office to supervise operations. But Callies held defiantly on as president, proposed that G.E. be allowed to buy into Machines Bull. Now that Callies has been rebuffed, the government may have some difficulty arranging its own solution. It wants to marry Machines Bull to such other French electronics firms as *Compagnie Générale de Télégraphie Sans Fil*, *Compagnie Française Thomson-Houston*, and *Compagnie Générale d'Electricité*, but none of these is anxious to wed a loser. The government, which has covered Machines Bull's obligations for December and January, may have to make the dowry more attractive.

GERMANY

Looking for a Lift

The only segment of West Germany's economy that has failed to recover from World War II is the one in which prewar Germans placed their greatest pride: the aircraft industry. Germany's famed planemakers, who once turned out 48,000 aircraft a year and employed 1,000,000 workers on behalf of the Third Reich, found peace something of a burden. They have developed no important new aircraft, employ only 32,000, and are facing their biggest postwar crisis in the phasing out of their contracts to produce Lockheed and Fiat fighters for the German Air Force. But the industry is struggling against the odds and searching for promising new projects to revitalize itself. Next week, on just such a search, a group of 14 German aeronautical experts will arrive in the U.S. to study the latest developments in vertical take-off aircraft.

Giving Ground. Germany's aircraft industry itself can hardly hope to take off vertically. Part of its trouble is that the Bonn government, afraid of seeming warlike, has until recently refused to subsidize new plane development. State-owned *Lufthansa* prefers to order proven U.S. and British planes. The industry, which used to be a government-directed monopoly, has also suf-

fered from its postwar breakup into seven independent and fiercely competitive companies, none of which is strong enough alone to finance major developments. And the situation has not been helped by the refusal of the old-time individualistic planemakers to accept the modern concept of team design: the traditionalists believe, as does Pioneer Designer Willy Messerschmitt, now 65, that "the old hares can do the job better."

But the old hares are being forced to give ground to younger, team-minded *Eierköpfe* (eggheads). They have also had their tails twisted by Bonn, which has long realized the need for joint ventures and mergers, recently decided to subsidize civilian plane development if manufacturers will get together.

Crowded Market. After months of delay, the hares have begun to nibble. Two Bremen outfits—Focke-Wulf and Weser—late last year merged to form the *Vereinigte Flugtechnische Werke*, now Germany's largest planemaking company (7,000 workers). Last week Claudius Dornier, 79, boss of his family-owned aircraft company, agreed to join the four leading planemakers in southern Germany—Messerschmitt, Siebelwerke, Heinkel and Bolkow—in establishing a joint company for research and development. The leading power in the new company is Ludwig Bolkow, 51, a wartime designer for Messerschmitt and a leading *Eierkopf*, who in 1956 set up his aeronautical research outfit and began concentrating on electronics, advanced helicopter design and missiles.

Either abiding or on drawing boards in Germany are scores of new designs, ranging from conventional single-engine "bush" planes through corporate-size jets to medium-range airliners. But, though the Hamburger *Flugezeugbau*'s new executive jet will make its maiden flight next month, most German planemakers are beginning to realize that the German aircraft industry faces almost overwhelming competition in the present crowded world market. Their best bet, as they see it, is to try somehow to weather their present crisis by getting more licensing work. Meanwhile, hoping to get the jump on others, they plan to concentrate on bringing out the radically new vertical take-off planes that will surely be the true aircraft of the future.

JAPAN

Pianos on the Assembly Line

The world's biggest piano maker is not Steinway, Winter or Wurlitzer, but a relatively unknown Japanese company named Nippon Gakki that won its fortune during World War II by making airplane propellers. Nippon Gakki is one of Japan's most successfully diversified corporations, with 1963 sales of \$99 million. It now makes motorcycles, bathtubs, glass-fiber skis, transistorized electric organs. But the company's most

notable achievement is the recent success of its second oldest product line: pianos. Last week Nippon Gakki announced that it will build a modern \$4,100,000 plant that will produce more than 8,000 pianos a month—almost three times what Steinway makes a year.

Nippon Gakki got its name (literally, Japan Musical Instruments) from Founder Torakusu Yamaha, a medical equipment engineer who began making reed organs as a hobby in 1897, two years later branched into pianos. The company was near bankruptcy by 1926, but gradually found that aircraft parts could be made by using some of the same manufacturing techniques that were used for organs. After the war, the firm turned back to less martial music. Taking over the presidency from his ailing father in 1950, Genichi Kawakami, now 51, decided to replace the ancient handcrafters' art of piano making with automation.

First, he spent \$4,100,000 on a new wood drying facility, and his sawmill overnight became one of the most up-to-date of its kind. By using assembly-line techniques and various hurry-up tricks that would have shocked old-style instrumentmakers, Kawakami lowered the time needed to produce a piano from two years to three months. He does not feel that this produces the world's best piano, but with a shrewd eye for publicity he can point to the fact that his pianos are already used by Composer (*Gipsy & Dolls*) Frank Loesser, Fred Astaire, Guy Lombardo, and some of Conrad Hilton's hotels.

Kawakami is confident that he can sell all the pianos he can make. He is zeroing in on the growing Japanese market, where he already has 70% of the business, and expanding his U.S. sales force, which last year sold only 2,600 pianos (out of a U.S. total of 215,000). Because his production is automated, Kawakami can price his pianos at better than competitive levels: a Yamaha grand, for instance, sells for less than \$2,000 in the U.S., as much as 50% lower than comparable U.S. makes. What now disturbs Kawakami is not competition but the present state of human patience. "I wonder," he muses, "if in a decade there will be enough people in the world patient enough to learn to play the piano."

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MILESTONES

Born. To Rodman Clark Rockefeller, 31, Nelson's eldest son, a vice president of the Rockefeller-backed International Basic Economy Corp., and Barbara Olsen Rockefeller, 30; their fourth child, third son (the Governor's eleventh grandchild); in Manhattan. Name: Michael, after Rodman's youngest brother, lost two years ago off New Guinea and legally declared dead last week.

Married. Leonidas Rhadamés Trujillo, 22, younger son of the Dominican Republic's slain strongman, who now spends his time hitting Europe's hotspots on the \$200 million fortune the family got away with; and Daniele Craubert, 20, French starlet and Rhadamés' long-time fiancée; in Authouillet, France.

Died. Ewald Peters, 49, West Germany's chief of personal security, responsible for the safety of Chancellors Adenauer and Erhard from 1960 until his arrest, fortnight ago, on charges of having participated in mass executions of Jews in the Ukraine in 1942 and 1943; by his own hand (thanged with a bed sheet); in a Bonn prison cell. In hearings after his arrest and in letters he left behind, Peters repeatedly claimed innocence; state prosecutors have now marked the case "closed."

Died. Clarence Irving Lewis, 80, professor of philosophy at Harvard from 1930 to 1953, a specialist in mathematical logic and the theory of knowledge (the argued that moral judgments can be as objective as judgments on matters of fact) whose *Mind and the World Order* became a widely used text; of a heart attack; in Menlo Park, Calif.

Died. Sir Albert Edward Richardson, 83, British architect, onetime (1955-57) president of the Royal Academy of Arts, an 18th-century addict who considered modern buildings "cellular façades cloaked with vitreous indifference," believed that "nothing should be streamlined except water closets," himself eschewed electricity and telephones, entertained in wig and knee breeches and paid calls on special occasions reclining regally in a sedan chair; of heart disease, in Amphilth, Bedfordshire.

Died. Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy, 94, dashing Philippine revolutionary hero who led his first uprising against the Spanish at 27, headed a peasant army of 50,000 guerrillas on the side of the U.S. in the Spanish-American War, then when Spain lost in 1898 turned on the U.S., demanding immediate independence and starting a second guerrilla rebellion that took two years to subdue, after which he settled down (on a \$500-a-month pension) to become a prosperous hemp grower but always wore a black tie until real independence came in 1946; of a heart attack; near Manila.



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LIFE

On the Horrible Forces

The *Silence* is so preoccupied with vice that its virtues are all but obscured. Written and directed by Sweden's Ingmar Bergman, the film closes the ring of the trilogy that began with *Through a Glass Darkly* and continued with *Winter Light*. In those films Bergman sought to illuminate the ills of men by poking through the ashes of religious faith. His concluding statement is a bold, unpredictable work, touched with genius, but at the same time murky, exasperating, and occasionally dull. Those expecting a magnum opus will be disappointed; so will those looking solely for sensation. For the blunt dialogue and the erotic scenes—shortened by 55 seconds for U.S. distribution—seem justified as part of the film's theme and development.

The visible story is slow and simple. A lesbian named Ester, her younger sister Anna, and Anna's young son Johan are passing by train through a country whose inhabitants speak a foreign tongue, devised by Bergman to subvert communication. When Ester falls ill,

believe with a troupe of performing dwarfs, then with a kindly old waiter. But always, large-eyed and secretive, he observes the women.

As Ester, Ingrid Thulin seethes with the conflicts that kill, projecting a sad heroism that may well surpass the script's intentions. "I am known for my clear logic," she cries, but her body betrays her. During a hot, restless afternoon, she seeks escape from "horrible forces" in liquor, distracted reading, and autoeroticism.

The forces triumph in Anna, played with slow-burning sensuality by Gunnel Lindblom. Anna's substitute for love is blind animal warmth. "How nice that we don't understand each other," she bubbles, unburdening herself to the sullen waiter (Birger Malmsten) she has invited into bed, dumbly grateful that all they have in common is the language of desire. Then, "I wish Ester were dead." To hasten the process, she lets Ester come in and watch.

In the final scene on the train, Anna and Johan are homeward-bound, and the boy fingers a letter from his aunt. "Words in a foreign language—" begins

fighting off death by suffocation the next. And Actress Lindblom, cruising a crowded street in an alien city in search of any man at all, writes a whole chapter in promiscuity in one perfunctory glance.

Bergman errs in *The Silence* because he will not, or cannot, control organs of symbolism that often shroud what he hopes to reveal. He has a poet's eye, but he is a tongue-tied prophet. The film fails at last because of its essential coldness. Though Bergman's own involvement with his theme is awesome, he has not achieved that elusive blend of situation, conflict, character and heart that forces an audience to share it.

Jane in Plain Wrapper

Sunday in New York is another brightly salacious Hollywood comedy about the way of a man with a maid who just may. "This motion picture," leers an announcement flashed on the screen as a teaser, "is dedicated to the proposition that every girl gets . . . sooner or later." As usual, winking wickedness turns out to be mostly eye-wash, but the plot—more to be pitied than censored—gets a buoyant lift from Stars Jane Fonda, Cliff Robertson and Rod Taylor. All three abandon themselves to the film version of Norman Krasna's trite Broadway farce with disarming faith, as though one more glossy, glittering package of pseudo sex might save the world.

Jane, lamenting that she must be "the only 22-year-old virgin alive," treks down from Albany to New York to ask Robertson, her airline-pilot brother, a searching question about life and love: "Is a girl that's been going around with a fellow a reasonable amount of time supposed to go to bed with him or not?" Not, sniffs Robertson, a chaser who has remained chaste. Then his favorite dish (Jo Morrow) arrives for breakfast, and off they go into the wild blue of a running gag about brother and his broad in search of a bed. Meanwhile, Jane picks up Rod Taylor and decides that she had better start conforming without further delay to contemporary standards of morality.

Sundays scores on style. Director Peter Tewksbury has caught Manhattan in a mood of after-the-rain freshness—and the gags are all neatly paced and frequently funny. Even the obligatory we-were-just-drying-off-in-bathrobes scene squeaks by—probably because Jane, in a plain blue wrapper, looks so honey-fined and healthy that her most smoldering invitation somehow suggests that all she really has in mind is tennis.

Mother Russia & Uncle Sam

Forty-Nine Days is a Russian movie that is warmly and explicitly pro-American—and just possibly critical of Communism too.

The picture is based on an incident that occurred in 1960 off the Pacific coast of Siberia. A storm in its fury



THULIN, LINDBLOM & MALMSTEN IN "SILENCE"

A cold view of hot blood.

they stop at a hotel. An incestuous relationship between the women has ended in bitterness, and Anna—after a few days of taunting her sister with a series of heterosexual escapades—takes the boy and goes away, leaving her to die alone.

The silence is the silence between and within human beings when faith has failed. Pivotal character in the story is the restless, questioning boy Johan (Jorgen Lindstrom), who begins his search on the train by pointing to an unrecognizable sign and asking, "What does that mean?" No one can say. Later, as he wanders through an endless maze of hotel corridors, his quest and his confusion seem to be Bergman's own. Johan fleetingly finds comfort in make-

Ester's farewell. Wholly indifferent, Anna turns toward the open window, sensing, reviving her spirits with the shock of rain and wind against her flesh. The boy continues reading, still driven by his own need to know all that is knowable.

Parts of the film shimmer with breathtaking virtuosity. Natural sound has rarely been used to such effect: a rumbling armored tank, a fan, a running faucet, a plane overhead, a gliding hairbrush, a gasp of anguish, all combine in a vividly orchestrated accompaniment to the drama. Dialogue is sparse, but Bergman's closeups pry secrets from a human face with uncommon skill. One harrowing sequence has Actress Thulin yawning one moment,



SOVIET SAILOR IN "FORTY-NINE DAYS"

Then, like angels, three U.S. helicopters.

rips a landing craft loose from its anchorage and drives it out to sea. Four Russian soldiers are aboard, a noncom and three enlisted men. They have fuel for a couple of hours, food for a couple of days.

They ration the food to last a couple of weeks. When it's gone they try to fish, but fish do not follow the current they are caught in. On the 30th day they begin to eat their boots, polish and all. When the boots are gone, they subsist on water. When the water is gone they lie in their bunks and wait for death.

On the 49th day they hear a roaring in their ears. They pay it no mind—dying men quite often hear such strange noises. But this time the roaring gets louder, louder, louder. They stagger out on deck and—

Up to this point, *Forty-Nine Days* is both solid entertainment and sound Marx. Survival, Director Genrikh Gabai declares, is a social act: to exist is to coexist. At this point, however, something remarkably un-Marxian happens. The survivors lift up their eyes, and there in the middle air, shimmering like angels, hover three huge U.S. Navy helicopters. One by one, miraculously, they let down long silvery loops and lift the weary voyagers up, up, up into the sky. The spectator stares in amazement. Does Director Gabai intend some sort of allegory here? Does he really mean to say that the Russian people are enduring a terrible ordeal, and that only America can save them from disaster? He would doubtless hoot at the idea, and yet—

In any case, he obviously means to speak warmly of the U.S., and the Kremlin obviously approves. In the final scenes the Russian soldiers are surrounded by smiling American seamen who practically kill them with kindness. Misty-eyed, the Russian noncom declares: "They're good boys." And an American officer cheerfully observes that "the atmosphere on our planet seems to be getting a little warmer." Could be. Could also be more of the same old Commyrot.



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In the deceptively simple form of an historical narrative, Alan Moorehead has provided his native Australia with a national myth—and a singularly bitter parable of defeat and frustration it is.

Cooper's Creek is the story of the two explorers, Burke and Wills, who in 1861 became the first to cross the Australian continent from south to north, and who died of starvation and exhaustion on the way back. This dispiriting episode is lifted to symbolic status by

12,000 sea miles from corrupt old Europe; no errors from the dead past could hold them down. Gold and wool made the new Australians rich. Ten years after Victoria's founding in 1850, a box at the Melbourne opera sold for \$35. Italianate palaces sprouted in the bush, baroque banking houses on avenues laid on the raw clay of a new city. But these top-hatted colonial vulgarities led a "capsule" life on the edge of a great continent; outside their city they were lost. The interior was a mystery that might contain the disappointment of a "ghastly blank" or the rich promise of a new Atlantis.

So the Victorian Exploring Expedi-



BURKE CROSSING AUSTRALIAN HINTERLAND (BY SIDNEY NOLAN)
Someone or something was waiting and listening.

the simple power of the narrative and Moorehead's pervading sense that history is neither bunk nor irrelevant to the present, but offers the illumination of tragedy.

Moorehead's book is a tragedy of 19th century optimism confronted by a desert that is not merely an absence of people but the presence of death.

It is a theme that also obsesses Australia's greatest living contemporary novelist, Patrick White, who wrote *Voss* as an elaboration of the Nietzschean aphorism: the desert is spreading; woe to the man who contains a desert. By no coincidence whatever, the Australian painter of desolate landscapes, Sidney Nolan, collaborated with Moorehead on *Cooper's Creek*: it was a theme that had always fascinated the artist, and he suggested it to the writer. Indeed, Nolan's painting of Burke on camelback leaving Melbourne at the start of his doomed journey perfectly expresses the grotesque and tragic story.

Atlantis or Blank. "Here perhaps, more than anywhere, humanity had a chance to make a fresh start," Moorehead begins. The Australians were

tion was formed to see how much lay behind the myth. Robert O'Hara Burke, a dashing Irish police inspector, was its leader. William John Wills, a bookish young man who knew a bit of astronomy, would do the surveying. Neither he nor Wills was a good bushman.

There were touches of the bizarre about the expedition from the start. Camels had to be bought from a traveling circus, and they made the men irritable and the horses neurotic. The expedition took off to the sound of speeches and brass bands, but before it had hobbled far from the settled areas, it took on a dispirited air.

The strange landscape got the men down. In passage after passage, Moorehead evokes the weird nonhuman quality of the Australian bush. There is "a kind of trance in the air, a sense of awakening infinitely delayed . . . the alien white man walking, through the grey and silent trees, would have the feeling that someone or something was waiting and listening." It was the same quality that was to drive D. H. Lawrence to near frenzy in *Kangaroo*: "Sometimes a heavy reptile hostility

came off the sombre land, something gruesome and infinitely repulsive."

Whatever it was, it did for Burke and Wills. They could not live off the land as American explorers had been able to do. They ate their camels and their failing horses. They got sick eating snake. Horse's meat proved unwholesome. Even rats got scarce. In the end, Burke and Wills were reduced to eating nardoo—dry grass seeds the size of peppercorns. They were filling, but gave no strength. Only the astonished aborigines kept them alive with their pitiful leftovers of yams or grubs.

Burke and Wills made it to the Gulf of Carpentaria, but even here it was "a story of predestined anticlimax." All they knew was that the water was salt. Mangrove swamps kept them from sight of the sea, and so they were denied the vision of a Cortes, a Pizarro, or a Lewis and Clark. They died on the way home, arriving at Cooper's Creek only nine hours after the base party had left. Thus they passed into legend, their names to this day in Australia a byword for any hopeless enterprise.

Vision v. Space. The huge Australian hinterland is still unpopulated. It is difficult to grasp the incredible fact that "it is still quite possible to retrace Burke's march to the Gulf, camping where he camped, and seeing more or less the same things he saw." Alan Moorehead did just that. At Cooper's Creek there were only the bones of dead cattle everywhere and traces of ruined homesteads. Here and there, scalding water spouted from an abandoned artesian bore.

This is what fate bestowed on the Australians instead of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. Burke's grave marks forever the place where a people who were inflated by Victorian visions and an American sense of limitless possibilities were defeated by the measureless reality of uninhabitable space.

Parables of Punsmoke

REUBEN, REUBEN by Peter De Vries. 435 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.95.

Commuters will instantly recognize Woodsmoke, Conn., as the place where the 6:02 stops, late as usual, to let them off. The churches are so up to date that they are thinking of making divorce a sacrament. Car licenses sport family initials, creating a special problem: After the breakup who gets custody of the plates? The split-levels teem with "potential ex-alcoholics," noncommunicating communications experts, novelists churning out books that start: "Part of him wanted to die. Part of him wanted to live—desperately." In Woodsmoke, says Novelist Peter De Vries, if Hester Prynne once got A for adultery, "Today she would rate no better than a C-plus."

How does De Vries himself rate?

A Peek at Darien. Compared to other satirical novelists whose stock in trade is the pseudosociological peek at Darien,



*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include*

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$$\begin{aligned}
 h_{i+1} &= S_i + \frac{F_i}{W_i} & T_i &= f_2(h_{i-1}, h_i, T_i, W, V_i, \sigma_{i-2}) \\
 \sigma_{i+1} &= \frac{E}{L} \int (v_i - v_i) dt & HP_i &= \frac{T_i V_i / 2}{33,000} \\
 F_i &= f_1(h_{i-1}, h_i, T_i, W, V_i, \sigma_{i-2})
 \end{aligned}$$

decisions, decisions, decisions

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he is a master of the peer-group quip and Freudian pun. But he clearly aspires to a higher level where comedy blends wit, wisdom, and compassion. As one who knows the joke is on him, too, and seeks to mourn the follies of his age with laughter, De Vries customarily earns his A for effort.

Characteristically, *Reuben, Reuben* is fine as far as it goes—and then suddenly it has gone too far. "Given a little money, education and social standing," De Vries begins, "plus a little of the old self-analysis," any man or woman in America can make a shambles of love and marriage. As witnesses De Vries summons three entirely outrageous characters.

The first is Chicken Farmer Frank Spofford, a native who stayed put and got displaced, "made an alien in his birthplace by immigrants turning it into a tentacle of New York." The second is a womanizing Welsh poet, Gowan McGland (sample line: "The ewe alone knows the ramifications of sex"), who hangs himself when he learns that he is losing the last few teeth to which his dental bridge and sex appeal are anchored. Then there is Alvin Mopworth, a cheerfully heterosexual British TV actor who, after many De Vriesian *divertissements*, marries Spofford's collegiate daughter Geneva, only to lose her to an incipient lesbian school chum known as Nectar Schmidt.

Dominican Fryers. If these three are at least one too many, Farmer Spofford is consistently funny when he apes computer-set argot. "I don't see why we eat at this grotesque hour anyways," he mimics. "I mean, isn't it sort of ungodlyish? I mean I couldn't eat a bite now . . . I've got to unwind." Through the punsmoke (Spofford's chickens were bred "in a monastery. They're called Dominican Fryers") looms a message: commuter jargon, with its clutter of self-analysis and narcissism, is not a man-nerism; it is a disease.

Fortunately, the affliction only becomes deadly in the second generation. Geneva, a cheerful, taffy-haired Aphrodite by nature, nevertheless coddles her complexes because American women today are "cherished for the resonance of their problems and the subtlety of their needs." She soon gets the idea that Mopworth's insistent sex life is really a compensation for repressed homosexual leanings. Retorts Mopworth: "Your constant unmasking of me masks a deep-seated fear of being unmasked yourself." He struggles heroically. But, as in the original Inquisition, forgiveness can only be bought with a fake admission of guilt. "It's nothing to be ashamed of," wheedles the girl, offering absolution. "It's all, after all, sex."

A Sugared Pill. At his best, De Vries constructs palatably subtle parables of human folly. Like one of the minor characters in his book, however, he has a self-conscious horror of stating the obvious. To dress up his homely conclusions, De Vries detours compulsively



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Why the trend to Teacher's Scotch?

into literary didoes, lapses into wild parody, wallows in grotesqueries. To be sure, C. II Shaw sugared his pill to fool the public. But De Vries, apparently, sugars his to fool himself.

An Extra Grudge Against Life

A GOD AND HIS GIFTS by I. Compton-Burnett. 223 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

In Ivy Compton-Burnett's first and worst novel, *Dolores* (1911), the dolorous heroine sacrifices herself for everybody and is thereby ennobled. Fourteen years passed before Compton-Burnett's second novel, and by then the author had changed her mind. *Pastors and Masters* makes plain that self-sacrifice plays into the hands of tyrants, that there is nothing less selfish than the pursuit of self-interest. In her subsequent 17 novels, Compton-Burnett has

ROGER ARNOLD



COMPTON-BURNETT
An ear for monster talk.

never ceased to drive the lesson home. "It is surprising how many people go where duty calls," says one of her characters. "I wonder if it is because they have nowhere else to go."

Sexless Incest. Compton-Burnett has created some memorable monsters. They are often Nietzschean supermen or superwomen. They rule a small domain, the family, but here they enjoy unlimited power. These tyrants of the home commit murder, adultery and incest; but their crimes are strangely sexless, for the tyrants are interested only in power over others. Most of the time they are content with verbal beatings, needling others until their victims' pride collapses. The tyrants are never punished; they are feied.

Well before Compton-Burnett, Henry James introduced murder and mayhem into the polite world of the drawing room. But James used all the literary devices at his disposal to create an atmosphere of genteel horror. Compton-Burnett uses only dialogue; there are

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In short, even though these people earn a reasonably good income, they

would be financially frustrated in trying to raise their standard of living without borrowing money.



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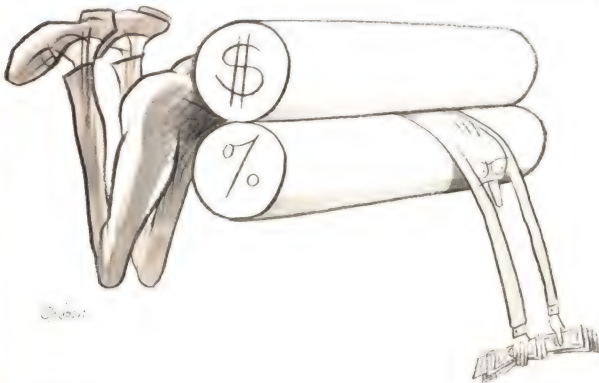
The easiest way to get on a borrowing basis with a "Full Service" bank is to give it all your banking business. If you already have a checking account, it's at a "Full Service" bank. It has to be. So put your savings there, too. Maybe even take advantage of their safe deposit boxes, credit references and 101 other services.

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SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE:

TV GUIDE magazine guarantees a circulation of 8½ million families; it currently delivers 9,300,000 weekly. TV GUIDE magazine reaches well over five million young married readers—more than any other magazine published. Compared with Look, Life and Post, TV GUIDE reaches more families with children, more families with automobiles, and more families who spend \$200 or more on household furnishings per year. The median income of TV GUIDE households is \$7503. TV GUIDE offers two to three times more primary readers per advertising dollar than any other mass weekly or biweekly.

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scarcely 20 sentences of description in any one of her novels.

An Orgy of Forgiveness. Hereward, the hero of *A God and His Gifts*, is a true-to-form Compton-Burnett tyrant. "I am what I am," he tells a friend. "I know I am a man of full nature. I know I am built on a large scale. I am not afraid to say it." A famous British novelist, Hereward likes the people around him to be on a small scale. He keeps wife and family (a Compton-Burnett family is about the size of a regiment) in a state of abject, adoring obedience. Hereward's three sons are cynical, stunted little fellows. But one day Son Merton has the temerity to revolt.

Merton announces that he, too, plans to be a writer, but he does not care to write books like father's. He will write for more discriminating readers. Father is not pleased. He seduces Merton's fiancée, who bears his illegitimate child. Without letting on that he is the father, Hereward persuades Merton to marry the girl. Then Hereward magnanimously adopts his own child.

In time, Hereward cannot resist revealing his coup. When God bestows gifts, he explains to his dumfounded family, the bad must be accepted with the good. Merton is crushed. The family unites in fawning on the great man and calling it forgiveness, though one member has plaintively protested: "I am not sure that it is great to forgive. It seems to me rather humble."

No Help from Life. Despite the technical difficulty of writing almost entirely in dialogue, Compton-Burnett rarely worries or falters. One biting epigram follows another with machine-tooled precision: one rude remark is followed by the perfect rejoinder. Occasionally irony fails, and the conversation becomes merely cute—and exasperating.

Such densely packed dialogue puts off many readers who are looking for more realism. Compton-Burnett, however, is not interested in describing life but in commenting on it, and any means is fair. "Real life seems to have no plots," this retiring London spinster once said. "And as I think a plot desirable and almost necessary, I have this extra grudge against life."

Rerun for Gully

A FINE MADNESS by Elliott Baker. 319 pages. Putnam. \$4.95.

A comic novel succeeds if it is funnier than its own dust jacket, and Elliott Baker's *A Fine Madness* meets this difficult test nicely. It is not likely that the publishers will be sent into receivership by losses suffered making good the guarantee. Yet, for the worst of reasons, it is impossible to praise this likable first novel without hedging.

The book is intended to make the rebellious heart leap up. A poet is betrayed into the hands of poetry's blood enemies, the psychiatrists. The reader's heart leaps up, all right, but unfortunately, so does his memory. Baker's hero,

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ELLIOTT BAKER
A nightie on the rosebush.

Sampson Shillitoe, poet, souse, womanizer and pratfalling Prometheus, might be the worshipful nephew of Joyce Cary's artist-as-an-old-grog, Guilely Jimson. The resemblance extends to the knockabout plot, kept in motion by Shillitoe's talent for anarchy, his tropism for cops and his tendency to rant at strangers. Even at the end, when Shillitoe is strapped to the operating table while the lobotomist's needle probes to discover whether truth is beauty, his plight is reminiscent of Jimson clinging to his wall and painting his soaring mural while the walls threaten to fall down about him.

In such cases, critics customarily use the word "derivative," which is a libel-proof way of saying that the author's best skill is burglary. But there is no intentional theft here. Baker's book is his own; its mistakes and its successes have edges too rough to have been cut by imitation. The author is in the ridiculous position of a man who, in all good faith, has written a good, sound, playable five-act tragedy about a Scandinavian prince whose father has just been murdered by his uncle.

Nevertheless, much of the book hangs gaily in the mind like a nightie waving from a rosebush, and the reader looks hopefully to Baker's next novel.

Prepublication endorsements, incidentally, are a neglected art form, and Putnam's collection for Baker's dust jacket is one of the better samplings:

► "God almighty what a cool book! This baby is red hot!"—Richard Bissell, *The Pajama Game* man. Translation: "They'll know I'm kidding."

► "Very good fun throughout"—Poet Richard Wilbur. Translation: "There you are, my good man, although I don't approve of tipping."

► "It's an exciting novel, full of surprises, knowledge of the world, and fine proportions"—Norman Mailer. Translation: "I could outwrite him with crayons."

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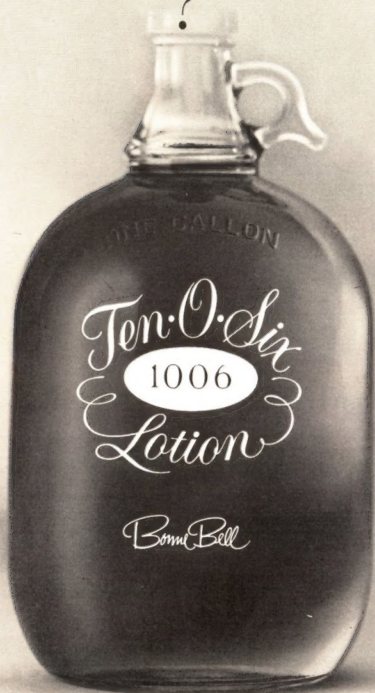


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